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MY LOST DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Thou too art gone, my child—a lovely bud
Is taken from the rose-tree of our hopes;
But yet we should not mourn. The joy to know
That thou hast gone in thy young innocence,
And purity, and beauty from a world
Of sorrow, sickness, sin, and pain, is least
The path of womanhood. 'Tis joy to know
That the Abiding Eye of thy young soul
Grew not to cloud in the Elder Glory,
Unstained by earth's cold, bitter winds,
Its pulses clear, its flags, its winter-rains,
Its tempests and its lightnings.

My sweet child,
Thou art no more a blossom of the earth,
But the fair thought of thee is yet a spell
On our sad spirits. This a lovely flower
Of Paradise, that ever lifts its head
In unimpeachable sky, a rainbow-gleam
Upon the tempest clouds of life. Our hearts,
Our sickless hearts, lean to thee, and oh thou
They lean to Heaven, for thou art there. Yes, thou
And thy young brother are in Paradise, while we
Are lingering on the earth's cold desert. Come,
Ye two sweet cherubs of God's Paradise,
Who wander side by side and hand in hand
Among the shouldless flowers that bloom
Beside the living waters—come, oh come
Sometimes upon your bright and airy wings
In the deep vacation of the silent night
And bend down to the earth where we watch
That ye have loved the angels dwell in Heaven.

EUDORA;
OR,
THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "THE CURSE OF DEVILLE," "ROSE MATHER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"To your some chosen some calm cell,
What, if I said and wrote to child,
Am I the wretch that brave this shame,
Who spoke of treason, friends and home?"

The chamber in which Lady Lenston had died, and where Eudora was imprisoned, had, in the olden time, been the abbot's sparlment. It was a vast, dark, gloomy room, now dimly lighted by a lamp that stood upon the mantelshelf.

For a long time after Malcolm Mentoun, Dr. Watkins, and the constables had withdrawn from the chamber, Eudora remained, crushed back in the depths of the large chair, with her head bowed upon her bosom, her hands clasped falling forward, and half veiling her beautiful dark face, her left hand, that Malcolm had released, falling listlessly down by her side, and her right hand still clasped in that of Tabitha, who continued to stand by her side. No word was spoken between them at first. Eudora was buried in profound, agonizing and bewildering thought, such as always overwhelms the sensitive victim of any sudden and crushing misfortune. The shock of the thunderbolt that had just fallen upon her, devastating her inner life, and leaving the outer so still, and bleak, and threatening as the vast, dark, sombre room; the dead silence around her—all combined to shake her reason to its centre. In the confusing wrought among nerves, head and brain by this inner storm of sensation, thought and suffering, she was fast losing confidence in Heaven, trust in the reality of external circumstances, and even faith in her own identity.

Suddenly she threw herself forward, and tightened her clasp upon Tabitha's hand, with convulsive force exclaiming:

"Wake me! wake me, Tabitha! I have the nightmare, and cannot rouse myself. Oh, wake me! wake me, for the love of Heaven!"

Tabitha, whose respect for her mistress's sorrow had hitherto kept silent, now became alarmed for her sanity.

Bending over her with an almost reverential tenderness, she whispered:

"Dear young lady, try to be composed and collect your thoughts, and remember yourself."

"Oh, Heaven! I remember too well too well!" cried Eudora, in a piercing voice, dropping her face into her hands, and shuddering through her whole frame. "It is no horrible illusion! It is an awful reality! My aunt and cousin are really dead, and I am arrested upon the charge of poisoning them! Oh, horrible! most horrible! Oh, I shall go mad! I shall go mad! I am maddened, exciting! The sentinels casting up her arms, and throwing herself from her seat upon the floor.

For a moment Tabitha gazed in dismay upon this exhibition of violent emotion in one whom she loved and honored almost to adoration, and then kneeling down beside her, she gently drew her arms around her waist to raise her up, while praying, in a low, respectful voice:

"Dear young lady, try to recollect yourself, your dignity, your rank, your station, and, above all, your duty to put your trust in God!"

"Put your trust in God. It was the text advice the high country girl could give, but the Archbishop of Canterbury could not have given any better.

Eudora suffered herself to be lifted up and replaced in the deep chair, from which she rose helplessly, and where she remained, with her head propped upon her breast, and her arms fallen upon her lap, in the stupor of despair to which the violence of her anguish had yielded.

Tabitha kneeled at her feet, took her hands, and gently pleadingly to plain her mind:

"Dear Miss Eudora, look up and hope; all is not lost that is in danger! Have you not a friend who delivered the three innocent children from the fiery ordeal of the furnace seven times heated. Come, now, let me undress you and help you to bed."

"Into that bed—into that bed whence *he* corpse has just been removed? Oh, never, never! Besides, I could not sleep with the prospect of to-morrow before me, when I shall be taken to the common gaol! How could I sleep! I shall never sleep again! Good girl, leave me to my own thoughts," said Eudora, with a trembling voice and quivering face.

Tabitha spoke no more, but drawing a foot-

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR VISITOR.

stool, she sat down at her mistress's feet, and silently held one of her listless hands.

Some time her sat thus: the heavy minutes seemed drawn out to the length of hours. The house was still as death, and the massive clock was on the stroke of eleven, when the quick ears of Tabitha caught a slight, cautious, grating sound in the wainscoted wall on the left of the fireplace. She raised her head, and turned her eyes quickly in the direction of the sound, and with a half suppressed shriek and a throbbing heart, she saw one of the oak panels slide away, and an anxious face and a warning hand appear in the opening.

The smothered cry of her woman had attracted Eudora's attention; and with the quickness of one plunged so deeply in wretchedness as to fear no further evil, the unhappy girl started, with her listless glance, the frightened gaze of her attendant.

At this moment the hand at the opening was extended in an encouraging gesture, and a familiar voice murmured, quickly and softly:

"Miss! hist, Tabitha! Don't be afraid! It is I."

And the next instant the man came through the opening, and Malcolm Mentoun stood within the room. He extended his hand in a warning manner as he approached, saying:

"Hist—hist! for Heaven's love, control yourselves! You cannot guess what I am risking!"

By this time he stood before the mistress and the maid, who gazed upon him in astonishment indeed, but not in alarm.

"Let us speak in whispers, and then, thanks to the thickness of these walls and doors, we shall not be heard by the policemen on guard. Listen—there are bolts on this side of the chamber down. Are they drawn fast?"

"No, sir," replied Tabitha, in a hushed voice. With a sign that they should remain silent and motionless, Malcolm glided on tip-toe, first to one door and then to the other, and cautiously slid the bolts into their sockets, making them both as fast on the inside as they were on the outside.

He then returned to the side of Eudora, and stood for a moment listening intently and then, apparently satisfied that all was well, he murmured:

"Peace be with the worthy king or bishop who built these walls so solidly! The sentinels without have heard nothing."

Then turning in the coolest, anxious, and expectant waiting-maid, he whispered:

"Tabitha, my good girl, I can depend upon you to aid me in freeing your young lady?"

"Depend upon me? Oh, sir, don't you know and doesn't she know that I would throw my self between her and all that threatens her, and meet it in her stead, if so be I could?" said the brave and devoted girl, in a vehement whisper.

"Indeed it will be but little less than that which will be required of you, my good Tabitha."

"Don't doubt me, sir, but try me!" said the young woman, eagerly.

"Well, then, Tabitha, you will have first to prepare your young lady for a hasty journey—thanks to the secret passage leading from the abbots apartments to the ruins of the neighboring nunnery, which scandal declares to have been once not to a long nunnery, which we have been able to provide the means for her escape. But you, my good girl, will have much more to cover her retreat, to face those who will come to seek her in the morning, and to answer the questions as to how or with whom she left her prison. Are you firm enough for the duty, Tabitha?"

"Let 'em try me, that's all, sir; and if they don't find out as they're not with their match this time, I'm not a woman, but a snuff. They may send me to prison, or they may hang me if they like. But I defy them to make me speak when I don't want to speak!"

"They can do you no real harm, my girl, be sure of that. They would only threaten and frighten you at most."

"Frighten who? Lawks, sir, you don't know my self-control!"

"No; for its very calmness is unknown or forgotten. It was only a momentary impression it to me some years ago, when I was driving across the ruins of the convent, and found in one of the cellars its calm terminus. I entered it to thrust its means; I should have been smothered but for the many crooked crevices in its rocky roof that let in the air. I found that it led to a steep, narrow staircase; ascending it, I found myself opposite a panel, the character of which I could see by means of the narrow lines of light around the old and shrunken frame, light that evidently came from the opposite side. Curiously got the better of discretion, and I worked away at the panel and slightly it aside, when to my dismay, I found myself looking in upon the privacy of Lady Lenston's sleeping-chamber, which was fortunately then empty. It was this which gave me the idea of this present adventure. I knew I was but a boy then, and being frightened at what I had done, I hastily replaced the panel and retreated, never mentioned my adventure to any one. Afterwards, consulting the guide-book, I found that there was a mere tradition of a secret passage leading from the Abbey to the Convent, which scandal asserted to have been used by the master here when going to rendezvous with the nuns; but of the precise locality of this secret passage, or even of its existence, the book did not pretend to speak with authority. Once I mentioned the tradition to my uncle and aunt, but they disregarded it as mere romance, and I kept my own counsel, and never mentioned my adventure to any one. Afterwards, consulting the guide-book, I found that there was a more

accomplished. Do you think that if she is convicted they will really hang her?"

"Hang her? Yes; the young demon! They will hang her as surely as they did Palmer. English juries have no mercy on the secret poisoner. And the fact of this one being a young, beautiful, and high-born girl, only makes her crime the more unnatural and monstrous!"

"But, admiral, it is hard to believe that so lovely a creature could be such a monster," said the lady.

"But I tell madam; you have not read history, or you have forgotten it. Remember the Countess of Essex, Madame Brinvilliers, Lucretia Borgia, Mary Queen of Scots, and many other beautiful, and high-born deeds. Human nature is the same in all ages and countries. The world, beauty, and high birth of this young Asiatic fiend will no more save her from the gallows than the same sort of charms saved Queen Mary or Mary Stuart from the block!" replied the old gentleman, sarcastically.

Shudder after shudder passed over the frame of the unfortunate subject of these severe remarks, as she sat an unexpected hearer of the conversation.

Malcolm, standing by her side, with his back to the couple, could only grieve in vain for the courage by an earnest pressure of her hand. It was but an interval of five minutes, and then the shrill whistle of the advancing train warned all the passengers to hurry to the platform.

The conversing party dropped their interesting subject, and hastened away.

Malcolm drawing Eudora's arm within his own, hurried after them.

When they arrived upon the platform the train had stopped, and the engine was noisily puffing and blowing like a short-winded person in want of breath after a run.

Passengers were hurrying into the various carriages.

"Can we have a *coupé*?" inquired Malcolm, slipping a crown into the hands of one of the guards.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered that functionary, opening a door, and admitting the gentleman into the desired privacy.

"Five minutes!" he muttered to himself, as he locked the door and pocketed the crown.

The train started, and Malcolm and Eudora, finding themselves alone in the *coupé*, looked in each other's faces wistfully.

"Oh, Malcolm," said Eudora, "how terrible it is to be the object of such hatred, and by one's old family friends, too! Did you hear old Admiral Ernaton, how he spoke of me? Ah! little did he think how near at hand I was to hear him."

"Yes, dear Eudora, I heard him. His remarks were unkind, ugly, and unjust; but you must not try to fly until the storm shall have expended its rage upon you."

"But to be wronged and hated so, Malcolm, and by my uncle's old friends, too! It is very, very cruel!"

"You must bear up under it bravely, dear love. The time will come when your innocence will be proved, and then those who have done you wrong (or by their suspicions now will bitterly repent their injustice, and will love you tenfold more than ever before," answered the young man, encouragingly.

The train rattled on. It was the express, and stopped at no other station between Canterbury and London, where it was expected to arrive at five o'clock in the morning.

Malcolm and Eudora sank back in their seats, and fell into silence.

Eudora relapsed into despair, and Malcolm sank into thought. He had taken her from confinement and immediate danger, but what was to be the end? He therefore obliged to defer this purpose until he could escape with her to the Continent.

To attempt to take her from England immediately he knew would be to expose her to the certainty of arrest. For, according to the usual practice, as soon as her escape should be discovered, which it must inevitably be in a few hours, telegrams to have search be made would be sent to the police of every sea-port to anticipate her arrival and to intercept her journey.

To hide her, therefore, in the crowds of London until the first heat of the pursuit should be over, then to escape with her to some foreign country, and there unite his fate with hers for good or ill forever—and then wait patiently until Providence should bring the truth to light, by discovering the guilty and vindicating her innocence—seemed the only plan he could devise any success.

But where in London should he have her?" It must be in a part of the town far distant from the terminus of the Great Northern Railway; it must be in a thickly-populated neighborhood, where the presence even of a remarkable stranger should not attract the slightest notice; it must be in lodgings over some small huxter's shop, and the people should be too much occupied with their own concerns to pry into those of others.

After much close thought, Malcolm fixed upon the Borough as the neighborhood of their destination. Lodgings of the description he wished to find for Eudora were not scarce in that locality.

Having settled this point to his satisfaction, the next thing to be considered was some fitting name and character, and with what pretext, he should leave her in her destined retreat. To introduce her by her real name would be certain destruction; more, before another twenty-four hours, that name—connected with a horrible crime—would be widely known over England. To pass her under an assumed name, though the entrance-key of the circumstances might almost seem to justify the deception, was at once abhorrent to his truthful, honorable, and high-toned nature. The longer he thought of this difficulty the more insurmountable it seemed. Occupied with this problem, a variety of less delicate scruples would have quickly arrived, did not one more important than any compunction, even to attempt to cause her from his ill-considered love which she had already fallen.

Meantime the train flew over the sterile heaths of Yorkshire, and in due time entered the more cultivated country near the great metropolis.

At last, rousing himself desperately, he said to his companion:

"Eudora, dearest, have you any middle name?"

"Yes; I was christened Eudora Milnes; but I never use my middle name, and, indeed, never did; it is quite a dead letter," replied the girl, in surprise at the question.

"So much the better. I cannot endure the idea of your passing under a fictitious name, and if you must not be known as Eudora Lenton. I shall therefore call you Miss Milnes; do not forget it. And if your other name is marked upon any of your clothing, do not fail to cut it out, lest it should meet the eye of your landlord. As you bring no clothing with you, you will have to procure a small supply from some outfitter, and be sure to order them simply 'E. Milnes.' They will think the 'E.' stands for Emily, or Ellen, or some such common name. Do, dear girl, I trust these precautions will not long be needful," said Malcolm, endeavoring to refuse into her heart a hope that he himself was far from feeling.

The train flew onward, and soon the lights of London were seen to the eastward before them.

Day was dawning when the train arrived at the King's-cross station.

"Now, my dearest Eudora, you must trust yourself entirely to me, believing that I will do all that is for your safety," said Malcolm, as the train stopped.

"I am sure that you will, my best and only friend; therefore, how can I do aught but trust in but yourself?" said Eudora, in deep emotion.

"You shall never regret the confidence you place in me, Eudora," replied Malcolm, earnestly.

At this moment the guard opened the door. He was the same man who had put them into the coupé at Leeds. Malcolm thanking him for grateful remembrance of the crown-piece given him by Mr. Montrose, and a new pitiful bribe of the gentleman wanted a cab, and offered to call one.

Malcolm perceived at once that this man would be sure to remember himself and his black-veiled companion, and would be able to describe their appearance if inquiries should be made of him, as they were nearly certain to be. He must, therefore, be certain of throwing the man off the scent of his own proceedings.

With this design he inquired:

"Can you have a train into the west for Liverpool?"

"At five thirty, sir."

"Then you may call me a cab at once," said Mr. Montrose, handing his companion out from the coupé, and leading her through the station.

The cab drew up.

The officious guard held the door open until Mr. Montrose had put the passenger in, and then touched his cap, and closed the door.

Malcolm mounted the box to drive, sir?" asked the guard.

"The Kensington Station, of course," replied Mr. Montrose.

"Very good, sir," answered the man, as he turned away.

"You will stop and rest here for an hour, my guard in hailing distance of the train," said Malcolm to his companion, as he drove up to the Kensington Station.

The order was given, and the carriage started.

It was a dull, foggy morning, but the early broad day seemed unable to break. The streets were at this hour half-deserted, and very dreary. The carriage rolled slowly over the pavement between closed shops and darkened houses, and only at rare intervals encountered a passer-by.

Here the scene was much busier. A crowd of costermongers' barrows were assembled, some drawing up or driving off. A multitude of people were purchasing the day's provisions. And at the same moment a newly-arrived traveller stepped from the train, and called a cab, and the man to drive to "Mivart's."

And Mr. Montrose, who had this possible witness in his next proceedings was taken out of the train, and driven into the station, where very much crowded, and the space before the tickets-windows was thronged. While Malcolm debated with himself whether he should carry his fair charge for an hour's rest to one of the first-class window and take tickets, he saw a gentleman and a young lady in deep mourning, closely veiled, go to the window for second tickets to Liverpool.

"They will do," said Malcolm to himself. "Should inquiries be pushed to this extent, this gentleman will remember the lady in black."

Then drawing Eudora's arm within his own, and folding her closely in his cloak, the passengers that were passing from the station, he went back. Taking up the reins, he turned the head of the place at which they had first been set down, he called another cab to the station. They took his seat by her side, and ordered the man to drive to St. Paul's churchyard.

It was now broad daylight, and all London was waking up and throwing open its windows. As they drove along, Mr. Montrose kept up a wondering conjecture.

"Now, my dearest Eudora, though you ask me no questions concerning this strange proceeding, you will perceive immediately that I selected them in order to throw your pursuers off the scent. First I took a second-class ticket for you as at Aldbyrough and at the King's-cross Station, which would be the direction you would most likely, though he may be able to describe your person, again, to recognize you in the accurate manner as to leave no doubt upon their minds. Then I purchased a first-class ticket on by the night train, pet, mark me, he will say that on coming to the King's-cross Station you took a cab to the Euston-square Station to catch the up train for Liverpool. The booking-The cabman who took us down will support his evidence, and our clerk of the first-class ticket-office will corroborate both testimonies by remembering the gentleman in the cloak-veil, who took a first-class ticket for that train to Liverpool. Then being thrown off the true scent by my ruse, they will follow us by the night train down to Liverpool with the purpose of escaping by no other conveyance than sound steamer. I may surprise unexpected success in London."

"Oh, dearest, anxious, generous friend!" fed, and I not better continue my flight? Had I not better escape at once from this hateful country?"

"It would be impossible for you to do so at present, Eudora. I must tell you why. In an hour or two from this time your flight will be discovered at Aldworth. In the same hour telegrams will be dispatched to the police of every seaport on the coast of England to intercept you if you should attempt to pass. Those telegrams will reach their destinations before you could possibly arrive at any seaport, and you would be arrested immediately upon your arrival."

"Oh, Lord of Heaven! that I, that I should be hunted down like a criminal, and by my own uncle!" exclaimed Eudora, shuddering with terror.

"Marry a fair and good queen and princess has been so hunted before you, dear girl! Even in recent times your own friend, the heroic Princess Frederica, was obliged to flee for her life. Consider her heroism, dear girl," said Malcolm, anxiously watching her face.

"Ah! but she was not dishonored by the charge of a foul and monstrous crime! Her reference was a political one, and her very flight was honorable. There is no parallel between her case and mine," moaned the poor girl.

"Take courage and have patience, dear Eudora, while I speak of our future plans," said Malcolm, affectionately pressing her hand.

"Ah, I will! I will be courageous and patient! I ought not to complain of any affliction so long as Heaven has left me so true a friend!"

"Thank you, dear Eudora, for that tribute. Listen now, dearest: I will take you to some safe and honorable retreat, and leave you there for the present. When the first heat of the pursuit is over, when it will be safe to do so, I will take you down to some one of the sea-ports, and from that you to America. There you will give me this dear hand in marriage. There I will work for our mutual support until the course of time and Providence shall have cleared away of this false and dreadful charge, and pave the way for our happy return! This is my plan, Eudora! How do you like it?"

"Oh, Heaven bless and reward you, Malcolm, for sacrificing yourself to save your lost girl, whom there is none other to pity or to succor!" exclaimed Eudora, passionately.

They had now turned into St. Paul's churchyard, within view of the dome, with the commencement of the business of the day. Malcolm kept his gaze out of the window, as if in search of some particular place. At length, when they had got just opposite a ladies' out-fitting establishment, he exclaimed:

"I deem it safest, dearest, to change at every place we stop. Go in there now, and purchase things as you may require, and have them packed in a box, with your name, 'Miss Milnes,' upon the lid. I will remain outside until you have completed your business."

Eudora entered the shop, and was promptly served with everything that she needed.

When all was done, she came out into a shop-girl bearing the box behind her, Malcolm helped an empty cab that was passing by, entered it with Eudora and her purchases, and gave the order:

"To the White Swan Hotel, Borough."

A rapid course of twenty minutes brought them to the house.

Here Malcolm discharged the cab and entered the hotel, leading Eudora, who remained by a porter carrying her box.

The White Swan was quite a private sitting-room, and ordered breakfast immediately for two.

The waiter hastened to obey; and while breakfast was preparing, Malcolm and Eudora headed Enders to lay off her bonnet and shawl, and arrange her dress.

A comfortable meal of coffee, muffins, fresh eggs and bacon was soon served, and Malcolm left his companion to the table, saying:

"Come, my dear, and refresh your strength, sustained, even through the direst afflictions."

She drank coffee, and ate a slice of bread and a small piece of bread. When breakfast was over, Malcolm said:

"You will stop and rest here for an hour, my dearest, while I go and look for a suitable lodgings for you. You will not be annoyed or frightened in the absence?"

"I will try not to be so," she answered.

He pressed her hand and left the parlor.

He ordered a cab which was waiting on the way out, he heard the visitors and loungers discussing the dark deed which had occurred in Yorkshire. Some hope of assumed interest seemed to occupy the whole town. Every one appeared to have brought some detached portions of their owners with them.

"I recollect perfectly well when the brave old lord of Aldworth, Eudora's uncle, was master of his having been poisoned; and now to think that his own child, his favorite child, should in this way—and by one young girl to whom they had given a elegant home—" said one of the visitors.

"You must be?" said another.

"Oh, she is not from India, it appears. And India is the native land of devils, as we have always been taught to believe from the days of Moses," said another.

"Well, it is a good thing that the monstrous young monster is in custody. If she isn't hung she will be locked in lodgings before, and will be imprisoned. Therefore, I must buy that you have a kind of mercy for her," said a third.

"Oh, yes, decent Malcolm!" said Eudora, endeavoring to control her emotions.

"And now, my beloved, I have not a moment to lose. Good-by, my dearest one, for the present; good-by! I leave you in the keeping of those who will never see the innocent," said Malcolm, pressing her to his bosom in a perfect agony of love, fear, and grief, and rushing to the door, and hurrying down the stairs.

"Thank'ee, sir; thanks, sir, I'm a poor widder, with a large family, but I don't complain. I'm used to do my duty by my lodgers, nor likewise to be paid for it, dear, dear, fidelities, misfortunate young creature like her," said the landlady, pocketing the money.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BLACKBEARD
THE PIRATE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

This old sea-rover was an Englishman, whose real name was Edward Teach. The soubriquet of Blackbeard was given him in consequence of his personal appearance. A long, black and flowing beard, which he wore, in the fashion of eyes, reached to his waistband. In this beards he managed, together with the hair of his head, which was permitted to grow uncut, the pleasure among pirates of frightening the people he captured at sight, and of a peculiarly sinister expression, give him an exceedingly savage appearance. This frightful expression he was said to have heightened at times by a contrivance to the ends of his hat, and among his tangled locks. This contrivance was, it is said, three brace of pistols, and he was in the act of cocking the last pair, concealed, he fell with an oath to the deck. He was dead!

The fight on land was over also killed, and the others, who were all more or less wounded, were secured without much difficulty, which was granted them. Their lives, however, were prolonged but a few days.

Upon the high deck on the deck of Maynard's little sloop, the other sloop had unluckily run foul of, the fight was raging fiercely, and attacked the crew that had remained in the pirate sloop. With three she was soon driven down work, for already overcome with drunkenness, they were in no condition to fight.

Thus this great terror of the colonies came to his end, and the brave lieutenant who had been received what they so richly deserved—the spoils of victory and honor.

As soon as the gallant conduct of the young officer was reported to the governor of Virginia at home, he was immediately promoted to the command of a frigate.

THE APPROACH OF SLEEP.

It is a defective moment, certainly, that of being well seated in bed, and feeling that you shall soon be ready to sleep. The sleep is to come—not past; the limbs have been just stirred enough to render the repose of the most positive delight; the labor of the day is done. A gentle feeling of the languishing of nature creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness departing; the senses becoming more and more and burning degrees, like a mother detaching her fingers from those of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy-lid closing over it, like the soft eyelid over the eye. Sensation is closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

MAKING FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm his influence is over diminished, and a bad example is set. If the child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favorable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove such fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE DEAD POET.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Ah well! this Poet was very old—
His silver hair and his forehead white,
Had caught the gleam of the living gold
That filleth Love' Eden's gates of light—
God's smile on the old.

They' the heartfelt grace of light.

He sang so long and he sang so loud,
Striving to win the world from sin,
That the summer of life slipped under a cloud,
And left him alone in the falling snow—
Ah, penniless and
Heart-deep in the wind and snow.

Oh summer World he tried to win,
And turn aside your hurrying feet,
So the grass may grow in the living sun
Where they have hurried this Poet over—
Who never hated
To span with idyls your discord. * * * *

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A few evenings since, in a small company, where intellectual enjoyment was the spirit of the occasion, the conversation turned on Dreams. It so happened that, of some dozen of us, there was not one of us who had not noticed the significance of sleep-waking visions, but there were various opinions as to the quality and extent of evidence upon the subject. By our number it was held that, in all ages of the world, since the creation of man, God had made use of dreams as the medium through which to communicate important intelligence to his children. The mind, or soul, he claimed, was nearest to the Infinite when the gross body was hushed in slumber; and, when dreams assumed frightful and shaped forms, it was the result of derangement in the physical system. Dr. Medy stated that there was no disease for the overtaxing of its stomach, could not, and so started up from the table in a hurry.

Said he, "If the body was in a perfectly normal state, and all its functions acting in healthful harmony, the soul would receive unmistakable impressions through a medium as clear as the upper ether. Under such circumstances the mind, once set in operation by the mystic power, might reach forth and gain reliable impressions, even from the distant future. I firmly believe that coming events have, or may, cast more than a shadow upon the mind of the healthful dreamer. Still, in this, we must bear in that I am lost, for I am not how man can decide whether his dreams be influenced or not."

There was one man in the company who had no experience or opinion upon the subject, although he was evidently most deeply interested. This was Mr. Richard Woodley, a man whose frosted head the suns and moons of seventy years had cast their lights and shades. Finally he was appealed to.

"My friends," he said, arousing himself, as though from heavy thought, "if you want my opinion upon this question, I can give it to you much better in a simple story of my own experience, than in any form of learned argument. If you will attend, I will tell you. I will tell how a dream once had a wonderful bearing upon my life."

Of course we were all anxious to hear it, and he proceeded as follows:

"When I was one-and-twenty years of age, I was married to the woman who is now my wife and faithful companion. We neither of us had money, but we had health and strength, and a will to work, and we received that we would unite our fortunes, and then, under the light of mutual love, earn a home. In a month after I was married I obtained a situation as porter and general jobbing hand in the bank. It was a desirable place, and one which required a steady and trustworthy person, and my recommendations were so good that I obtained it. My pay was twenty dollars a month, and for the first year of time, was a goodly sum. My duties were to open the bank in the morning, sweep out and dust and build the fires; do such errands as the cashier might send me about the city, and be of the heavy lifting in the vault, of gold and silver coin and currency, and to perform such other duties as might be called for.

"In the meantime Alice—that is my wife's name—had plenty of sewing to do, and as she was an expert with her needle, the orders were in good demand, so that from her labor proved an income of ten dollars a month. I had been engaged in the bank but a few weeks, when I found a cottage house, which was one of the pleasantest parts of the village, was for sale. Alice and I had often strolled past and admired the pretty dwelling with its garden and fruit orchard, and wished that we could own it; and now, when I found that it was for sale, I was willingly asked myself if I might not make some arrangements to purchase it. I sought the owner, and stated my business. His price was just one thousand dollars, and twenty dollars was all the money I had in the world. I told him what I was situated, but told him that I had my health, I could pay for it in a few years. He finally said that I could have it, and after much thought, she told me what she would judge herself to do. She said she would support the family, even to the purchasing of coal, so that I might depend upon my salary as all going to pay for the house. I at length found a friend to lend me the two hundred dollars, and ere long the house was in my possession. We were both glad and happy when we moved into that pretty cottage, and with stout, hopeful hearts we promised ourselves that we would have it all paid for in about three years.

"At the bank I was punctual and attentive, doing my best to please my employers, and I was not a great while before I heard, by way of friends outside, that I was highly prized by the bank officers. This only served to spur me on in my endeavors, and at the end of the first year my wages were raised to five-and-twenty dollars per month, and the promise was made quite apparent to my wife.

"After this I was called upon to render the cashier assistance which I had not rendered before, and most of the leisure hours were taken up by a boy. I was often treated to count and put up money, and had free access to the vault, and when no one else was with me. The idea of taking a penny of that money never occurred to me, for if such ideas were ever suggested, I came only as counter the thought of self-murder to the bank's happy peace. It was very simple of stealing was so frightful to me that it made me shudder.

"And so passed two years away, and during that time we had been more successful in our pecuniary matters than we had ever hoped. Alice had been busy with her needle, and with such success that I had not been called upon for a single penny towards our household expenses. I had spent only between thirty and forty dollars for myself, so that I had saved five hundred dollars. In a little while after this the man of whom I bought my house was in town, and I paid him four hundred and fifty dollars, taking up two of my notes. The friend of whom I borrowed the two hundred was in no hurry for his money, so I let that lay.

"One morning when I went to the bank, I found the president and the cashier there before me, and from their manner I knew that something had gone wrong. I swept out the front room, but built no fire, for it was in the next day time. After awhile I was sent away upon an errand, and when I returned I found that two of the directors had arrived, and were in close counsel with the president and cashier. In the afternoon I was called into the president's room, and a chair was offered to me. The set was so cold and solemn, and the glances cast upon me so searching, that a lightning bolt seemed to have struck me. All day long I had watched me in just that way, and my surmises and misgivings had been working painfully upon me. Finally Mr. Farbridge—he was the cashier—spoke to me.

"Mr. Waddleigh," said he, in a tone like a funeral dirge, 'were you aware that a thief had been at work in the bank?'

"If he had directly told me that I was a thief, I should not have been so deeply moved, for his look, so intense and significant, pierced me with mind through. A tremble set every joint, and I knew that I must have turned very pale, for I felt the blood all settling down into my heart. I asked him who he meant, and he shook his head, and told me that he was afraid I knew too well.

"'I, Farbridge's name,' I said, 'what has happened?'

"He told me—told me as though he were but refreshing my memory—that there had been a considerable sum of money lost from the vault—that it had all been taken within the last four months—that it could be traced directly to me—that he asked me if I had not, a few days before, paid Mr. Cox some money. I told him that I had.

"How much?' he asked.

"I told him four hundred and fifty dollars.

"'Ay,' said he, 'that is the sum. I have informed me. You tendered him five one-hundred dollar bills, and he gave you fifty dollars back.'

"I admitted that it was so; and he then asked me where I got the money. I told him, and told him it up from my earnings.

"'Then,' said he, with a awful shake of the head,' don't tell me such an utterly preposterous story. They will not believe you. You are very fair. You are not in debt in any of the stores. You have paid your board regularly, you work to work; and yet you profess to have laid up four hundred dollars in a little over two years' penny that we have paid you, from the time we last engaged you? Do you expect us to believe that you five hundred and forty dollars! And yet you say that you have only four hundred and fifty dollars!'

"I told him that my wife had earned money enough to support us, but he would not hear a word again.

"'Where did I get those one-hundred-dollar bills? That was not the kind of money I had been paid of in.

"I told him that I had saved my money up in gold, and that only a few weeks before a man for me his gold in exchange for bills, and went

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1851.

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ABUSE OF PUBLIC MEN.

At a time like this every man who accepts responsibility should expect detraction; for he will have it whether he expects it or not. The public mind is too excited to judge correctly, and is apt to believe in nothing but success. We have had them ever already, and it will continue to be shown that, in all of them, the men most meritorious were cruelly misrepresented and undervalued. The instigus against Gen. Washington, during the revolutionary war, is familiar to every one, but he was far from being the only victim of ignorance and calumny.

The most striking case of the kind referred to was that of Robert Morris, the Superintendent of Finance, or, as we should now say, the Secretary of the Treasury, during the last years of the revolutionary struggle. Robert Morris, a merchant of large fortune, about to retire from business and spend the remainder of his active life in peace, was entreated by Congress, by leading citizens of Philadelphia, by the whole country, to undertake the office of minister of finance, and strive to reduce the chaos of our financial affairs to something like order. Congress by his invitation, and to his own request, left his private fortune, he accepted the appointment. How fabulously, how much against his wishes, zeal, valor and success he labored, is known to all who have studied the history of the times of that decisive triumph. To enable Gen. Washington to strike that last blow, Robert Morris spent every guinea of his own money that he could command, borrowed from the transferee of his own responsibility every penny they could procure, borrowed from the treasurers chest of the French fleet twenty thousand silver dollars, pledging therefor his fortune and his honor to the utmost. The whole nation that Washington reached Virginia in time, and achieved the splendid victory that secured the independence of the nation, and restored peace to Europe. And this was the reward of a long series of signal services rendered to the infant republic by this able and honorable man.

Surely he, if any man, should have escaped calumny. On the contrary, he was not satisfied with the most shocking, the most outrageous abuse. His masonic measures for raising and securing the credit of the country were attributed to ends that then he was charged with public stock. The cry was raised that he was speculating in the funds, the value of which was under his administration; and some of his best ideas he was prevented from using by this ceaseless clamor.

In the war of 1812, Gen. William Henry Harrison was the scarcely known man that he remained in the war with Mexico Gen. Scott was "*re-called*" from the very scene of his triumphs.

Commanding officers must, therefore, not be surprised when they are judged harshly and harshly. All they have to do is to keep steadily on in the line of their duty, relying on the final justice of their countrymen, and knowing that eventually all true merit must be appreciated, honored then failure is condemned. Who was the man that thanked the unsuccessful leader Hannibal of Washington, Morris, Greene, Schuyler, Franklin, Harrison, Jackson, and Scott? But all the world knows their glory.

THE DOG DAYS.

We are having a touch of the tropics. No pulse to the daylight, at any moment in the darkness. The flowers scarcely get dew enough to the arid ground to keep them alive during the burning days. The lidless eye of the sun scorches all but it glares upon. Cattle pant in the fields; dogs, with palpitating flanks, hang their tongues out to cool in the shade of the door-yard trees; fat babies break out in "prickly heat" as if they had been sent to the tropics; the crop was just coming up; drouthy flies drive even the gentlest horses to the verge of frenzy; all the blazes and stingers of insects are at work; we are in a season of preternatural activity and extravagance; drinks abound, and the occasion is generally returned—with a slight infusion of salt—through the tenderskin. All our respectable members of the animal creation are in their element; the yellow-Christmas of Summer is wearing; ice is a public necessity; people flock to the soda fountains as barren to the watering-brooks; citizens are sub-waiters; corn is literally in the ear for a hundred miles around; *al fresco* lodgings are popular with the cadets of Lodbrokian. Babies lead from the nursery to the marble mansions to the watering places; the city is a desert, the country is one broad grave; in short, the "heated term" of the dog days has receded its mention, and a vocabulary of nature is exhaling everything exhalable, and turning flesh to oil and vegetables to timber.

How to keep cool is the one idea in which all others are merged. Nevertheless, the same city that we live in is cooler than any place, except the mountains and the seaside, to be found within five hundred miles of it. Newport and Nahant are pleasant, and a daily brush with the ocean breeze is beautiful and bracing, so are nothing of the beach-views of gambolling Leviathans at the sea, or of distant glimpses of that miraculous marine animal, the Sea Serpent, at the other. But at both places the bills of the landlords are long, and so are those of the musquitoes; and whoever sojourns at either is sure to have purse and veins pretty extensively depleted.

Upon the whole, New York, with its delicious ices and various artificial contrivances for dissipating and defying the caloric, will do very well for people who live temperately and prudently. Ten miles down the bay there is salt-water bathing as good as any on the coast, and for the Palisade bluffs, after mountain air there are the Palisade bluffs, after mountain air there are the Hudson River and the Sound, and the Kaaterskill's within half-a-day's distance.

SHIPS IN COATS OF MAIL.

The naval experiences of France and England during their late war with Russia proved conclusively that war ships of the ordinary construction, even with their heavy guns, were no match for cemented forts. The solid structures of Sebastopol rendered the bombshells of naval Lyon's line-of-battle ships, and his best ones-of-war would unfortunately have placed the vessels sunk by the Russians for the protection of the harbor of Schastopol, had he not safely drawn them from the fire of the seaward batteries. Nothing can be more certain than that other batteries like those at Schastopol and Cronstadt could beat off any fleet which the present naval resources of maritime Europe would enable it to send against them. But we are told that there is "a good time coming" for the warfare of the sea. Ships, "armed in complete steel," are to

"Bid defiance to the wide world's rage
Of rock-built citadels."

and hereafter these to fragments while themselves invulnerable. So it is said. But the small-clad ship has not yet been tested in action, and the "complete steel" ship has not been at the "coast of proof" or no. Opinions differ upon this point. Steam-propelled monsters built like the naval-standard hulls will be a failure. There is it should not be armed that which a single fleet would be impenetrable by a hundred pounders and peppered with forty enough to sink a frigate-miles. Vessels in iron cavelopes would have made short work with the old wooden walls of years ago, but essential feats of the Toulchen pattern, monsters of their class, would be the largest cailles, would prove tough customers. We take it, for the best protected iron ships afloat.

THE YOUNG ZOUAVES.

Since the Lizzaro article on Boy Soldiers appeared, there have been a number of calls for Juvenile Zouaves in the City Hall Park, and the most successful of these, in point of numbers and evolutions elicited storms of applause from thousands of the spectators. Their proficiencies were of various ages from seven to twelve years, and were taught by Robert Ray, one of the popular "red-legged" uniform, with muskets and bayonets, instead of a lieutenant with their size and muscle. From the display of their skill, and the order which reigned in the field, the father of white handkerchiefs in that quarter, and many other spectators, middle-aged gentlemen who waved their bowers in the air, and shouted with the various proprietors" of the youthful chivalry were impressed—for some, usually approved the military order of their offspring. The "Zouaves" and carrying little casks strung over their shoulders. War has even got into the nursery, and the very two summers toddle in uniform.

Upon the whole, we are glad to see that the *effect de tremps* (children of the troops) of the French army, now about 7,000 strong, which has been arriving at the age of ten years, to be supplied with the fashion of a uniform, which will be of their future appointment as non-commissioned officers. At the age of 17 they are to join the army.

"SOUNDING WHARS."

"The eyes of the world are upon us," said the chairman of a late meeting, addressing a crowded audience of half a score. This is the mistake of all shallow orators. Instead of considering themselves consultant portions of the whole, and one of a family, they look upon a certain locality as the sun of the earth, and believe in their marrow, that every eye in the world is fixed with wonder and admiration. Fortunately for the human race, individuals are not apt to be brought to a sense of their true position in society, when they are first taught. Was anyone of several specimens of this genus, who would be pulled looking down into the dark recess, inward, and realize the vacancy which exists behind them.

The world recognizes a great man as soon as he appears, and a great thing when it is done. It mags unasked. It also recognizes a mere pretender, and pays him for what he is worth or tempt. The world is a wonderful connoisseur in character. And it is safe all "bogus" coin to the counter.

AMERICAN PREACHERS.

While looking over some files of foreign papers the other day, we accidentally met a number of the "London Press," containing an article on American preachers. Quite a number of them, whose compliments. The writer deplored the tendency of the British pulpit to dwell on the dry doctrinal points, and warmly commended the eloquent, practical discourses of our Beechers and Emersons sermons. We clipped from the article a paragraph containing an item which, as it is:

"This is what is wanted in our own country. We have too much theology and too little religion in our pulpits—too much sermons and too little of the active positions and suggestions to the Christian system, which are the life and soul of Christianity. We have too much one of these great truths which strike with force and power upon the conscience and touch the heart of man in the tireless sea, and loosening the darkness of a sinful life.

After referring to two or three of our clergy men by name as models, he says, "we have grown windy up by saying of our clergy, as a body, that 'they are a powerful race.'"

THE CITY NOW.

We have reached the dullest weeks of the summer, and the time when the deserted aspect is usually worst in August. Two summers ago the cholera here gave into the country, and still fewer dream in returning to the city. The best part of their houses and let the door-plate become unscrubbed. The ladies have the moral courage to appear in Broadway in the afternoon; and a large number of dandies, who are overlain at Saratoga, still condescend to exhibit their clothes to their fellow-citizens. The pressure in the streets of so many uniforms, and the thousands of flags that still fling out their folds from the tops of the houses, contribute to give to the town an aspect of gaily never before observed at this port of the summer. The town is hopeful—nay, confident of its future, and believes also that the days passing over it will be forever reckoned among the glorious days of the republic.

THE RESCUE.

Great was the excitement that prevailed among the ordinarily quiet inhabitants of the Mexican town of Puros, on the sun rose on the morning of the thirteenth of May, 1847. It's fearful effects on the being sounded through their streets.

The sentries, on Mexican herdmen are called, who had been watching the large droves of horses and mules of which cattle grazing in the wide-spread valley in front of the place, had fled from their charge, and, dashing to the town, had knocked their breathless announcement that a kicked their heavy vowels into the ribs of their band of Texans had descended the pass.

Los Indios! los Indios! vamos los Camanches! (Indians! Indians! the Camanches are coming!)

The startling words were repeated by the terrified sentries, who at this time were already alarmed; and rushing to their homes, they closed and barricaded their doors and windows against the assaults of their dreaded foes, who they supposed were following fast upon the heels of the flying vaqueros.

Such, however, was not the fact. The lookouts continually stationed upon the nearest spurs of the sierra, on the evening of the sun's decline approach of their old enemies, had discovered upon the distant horizon, and between them and the rising sun, the gleam of lances and the dust of advancing horsemen, which they knew could proceed from a large marauding band of savages. But as yet they were more than a league away, and the intervening space was the paralyzing terror which the cry of "*Indios!*" had occasioned in a Mexican community, that people would have had sufficient time to have fled in safety to the mountains, had they been prepared for the defence of their families and household goods.

But to such despair had the people of Durango been reduced by the repeated and terrible incursions of the West, that they had of late years learned to consider all property as destined soon to be plundered by the savages, sought only to conceal themselves in the caves of mountains or walls of their dwellings.

On this occasion, however, the rich proprietor, Don Manuel Thoro, hastily gathered a band of his peons, and, mounting upon their ranges, spurred out upon the plain, and attempted by a show of resistance to bring the enemy to a halt, when he hoped to rally the people of the town, that the people of the town might escape molestation, and their property be saved.

But scarcely had the Indians, numbering upwards of three hundred warriors, come within the trembling peons, than, putting spurs to their horses, they fled in a large wavering band of savages. But as yet they were more than a league away, and the distance was still the paralyzing terror which the cry of "*Indios!*" had occasioned in a Mexican community, that people would have had sufficient time to have fled in safety to the mountains, had they been prepared for the defence of their families and household goods.

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DAMARIS.

BY ALICE CARY.

You know th' forks of th' road, and th' brown mill?
And how th mill-stream, where th' three elms grow,
Flattens its curly head and slips below
That shelf of rocks which juts from out th' hill?

You know th' field of sun-loving red and gray,
Sloped in th' South'n and where th' sign-post stands,
Silently lifting up to the unclouded
To point th' unsteady traveller on his way?

You must remember the long rippling ridge
Of rye, that cut the level land in two,
And changed from blue to green, from green to blue,
Summer after summer? And th' one-roofed bridge,

Under the whitish with ivy surrounding wood,
Where you have been, with the speckled breast
Of th' wild mother, all the day built nest
Not round vain thinking loads of little birds.

Well, mid-way 'twixt th' rye-ridge and th' mill,
In the old house with windows in the gable,
The village beauty, Damaris, was born:—
There lives, in "maiden meditation," still.

Step you and mark, if you that way should pass,
The old, familiar gables and high trees,
Circling against the wall with every breeze,
And at the foot the fragrance, as in grass.

There is the sunflower, with her starry face
Leaned to her lover, and there, with pride clear,
The prince's-feather—as th' garden gets
The gentlefolks' plants, all gracious in their place.

You'll think you have not been an hour away—
Seeing fragrance, th' flowers in hearty trees,
And 'twixt the palings, strings of yellow bees,
Shining like streaks of light—but, well-a-day!

If Damaris happen at the modest door,
In queen of silver gray and cap of snow—
Your May-day sweetheart, fresh and fair as then—
The brief delusion can decide no more.

THE TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER XVI.

CENTAURY.

The capture of Harry Temple had been so sudden that he scarcely had time to think. If he had been so disposed, he could have easily escaped his new foe, by leaping overboard and swimming ashore; but there were reasons to prevent him.

He wanted to stand by Clara through every danger, if possible, and see her at last in a place of safety; and besides he could not leave her without a word, after having come so far.

For since the fight with the boats they had sailed more closely, and he had encountered her turned glance as it met his, and had gazed with rapture upon her sweet face as it now rose before him, and would not turn away.

Yet now, a prisoner of war, he experienced a painful misery, and felt it as he sounded the full horrors of his situation.

He was bearer of dispatches, which might be of the most vital importance. These would now be delayed, and perhaps lost through their desolation.

He was also afraid that they would examine him, and take them from him. The idea of giving up his dispatches aroused to him was agony.

Besides he now feared that he might get into trouble. He had disobeyed Arnold's orders, and had taken a vessel from which he was prohibited. Through his own indiscretion he was captured.

In all this, however, he little knew the terrible consequences of this conceit of disobedience.

The schooner continued up the river. The officer who has been mentioned took Temple's sword contemptuously, and gave him the freedom of the deck. Harry was only requested to give his parole that he would not try to escape.

The schooner was bound up the river, but her destination was not far away. Arriving there, she was going back to New York again.

Temple, however, was near Clara, and that was enough. He could look at her, hear her voice, and murmur low words to her, and receive her replies as he paced near her. Clara was afraid to disorder her father by allowing too much stimulus, but the vessel was small, and old Wells could not prevent them now.

Courtenay whispered Clara as Temple passed near her—she was going down into the cabin.

The first of the officer had won her confidence. He was a major, and the prisoners were under his control. The lieutenant of the schooner had nothing to do with them.

Seeing that Clara had something to say to him, he bowed courteously and handed her a chair.

"Madame," said he, "I am Major André, aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, and I hope you will not hesitate to make use of my services to the utmost, for your own comfort and safety."

Clara was encouraged by his amiable manner, his winning smile, and his chivalrous air.

"I hope you will not think me presumptuous; but I have had a friend in danger, and I wish to see if he cannot escape it."

"Ah—who?"

"The young American officer."

"Captain Temple?"

"Yes."

André at once evinced the deepest interest, and respectful sympathy.

"He had I was coming down the river. My father did not take as escort, for he thought that a small boat like ours, with only two women and two men, would escape notice, and go onward in safety."

"That was very wrong," said André, "he should never have left without sufficient force to protect you."

"So Captain Temple thought," said Clara. "My father and he have had a difficulty. He did not offer his services to my father, but came to another boat and watched our progress."

"Good!" cried André, who seemed to have found out how matters stood.

"We had passes, and we got over the American district in safety. And now we come to this part, where it is more disturbed."

"Yes, here is the real danger."

"And here we were suddenly attacked by two boats filled with armed men. Captain Temple was on the other side of the river, for he was very anxious to avoid forcing his services on us."

"I understand."

"But we saw the boats coming. Instantly he turned and reached us before they did. And now," said Clara, while her eyes lightened up, and her voice grew more animated with enthusiasm, "you should have seen him meet those men.

"They had two boats, and nearly twenty men, he one boat and only nine men. They called on him to surrender. Instead of that he poured a volley into both boats, dashed against the nearest and upset it, wheeled and caught the other before it could escape; and, almost before we knew that we were safe, he had taken them prisoners, plundered them, and sent them away under the care of two of his crew."

"Glorious!" cried André, catching all Clara's own enthusiasm. "A gallant act! a noble deed!"

"Then he resumed his journey, but kept nearer to us. And it was shortly after this that you appeared!

"His men escaped, but he was so anxious to save us, so elated, that he threw his own disarm away, and allowed himself to be taken."

André leaned no more, springing to the companion-way, he called out:

"Captain Temple."

Temple turned and saw André beckoning to him.

He descended.

André held out his hand and caught that of Temple's, and said, hastily,

"I thought you were a common prisoner of war," said he; "when I found you I thought you were out on an ordinarily hostile errand.

"But I find that you have come down the river as a voluntary escort to a lady. I know all. I have heard of the way you fought. Be assured the story of that gallant action has not suffered through its narration.

"If you were out on duty, I could not let you go. But as you came out from a noble desire to protect the weak, in a matter that concerned neither of these gallant nations, God forbid that I should detain you. Here, my noble friend, take your sword, and accept my apologies. You are free, you can leave when you please."

Temple listened in amazement. At last he understood it all. He wrung André's hand again, exclaiming:

"You are a glorious fellow. I wish that I could ever hope to return your generosity."

"I hope I may never be in the position to need it," said André, with a gay smile, and he hurried out of the cabin.

"The noble fellow," cried Harry, looking after him. "Who could expect this?"

"Ah!" cried Clara, "you are safe."

"And I owe this to you."

"No! but owe two lives to you. One saved from the fire, and another this day from more severe murderers?"

"Pooh! if we count up our obligations we

shall never stop. I owe all my happiness to you, and blessed thoughts by day, and sweet dreams by night."

"Have you quite forgiven me?"

"I have forgotten," said Harry. "I only remember you so you are now."

"Forget and forgive."

"You thought we would never meet again. Did I not say that we would?"

"Ah, we have again to separate; and when shall we meet again?"

"At least you will be safe in New York, and we can talk to him. If we are saved for a little longer, we can hear it now. I know that you are true, and, as for you, do you not believe that I am?"

"Faithful forever!" murmured Clara; "I cannot doubt."

Now Temple thought of his duties and prepared to go, after a tender interchange of vows and promises, he again sought André.

His request to be put ashore in a certain place was at once complied with.

"How can I ever repay you?" again cried Temple, full of affectionate admiration for this unexpected generosity.

"If we were on the same side," said André, "we could be rewarded; but since we are on opposite sides, we can only think of each other with thankfulness. And it is because I honor chivalry and bravery, and gallant devotion, that I can thus express your wish."

Temple grasped his hand.

"Whatever else you be said, "you have one friend who will prove his friendship with his life."

The next moment he leaped into the boat.

The boat moved quickly away, and soon reached the shore.

Clara looked in admiration upon her noble lover, and murmured to herself:

"And this man I have charged with the foulest crimes. What a base ingratitude and injustice!"

CHAPTER XVII.

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

Now that the boat has come onwards for her former colleague, Clara became more joyous, and regained some of her olden gaiety. Even the gloomy Courtenay felt the influence of her presence, since she knew that he had departed with a knowledge of her safety.

She did not try to account for the changes that had been made against him, but dismissed them from her mind. All that she had seen of her lover during the past few days conspired to prove to her his innate nobleness of soul. As a brave soldier, a faithful lover, and a high-toned gentleman, such as he was, she felt that the crimes which her father imputed to him were abhorrent and impossible.

Major André was charmed by the beauty, the innocence, and the spirit of his fair companion. Their conversation ended in mutual respect. He was impressed by her charming qualities, and Clara felt his own attractions more and more.

Acquaintance ripened into intimacy and friendship between them. Long silences and gallelies hearts, and André was rejoiced to find so pleasant a companion amid the darkness of his terrible mission. "I am quite familiar with America," said Clara to him, after a long conversation about the beauties of the country.

"Yes—in the few years that I have been here I have seen a great deal of it," he answered. "Besides, I was once taken prisoner, and had an opportunity of seeing more of the country than would otherwise have been possible."

"Taken prisoner?" exclaimed Clara, in surprise.

"Yes, by Montgomery, at the capture of St. Johns, at Canada. I was stripped of everything except my clothing, and was sent to the house to see him life.

"Clara," said he, in answer to the inquiring glance of his companion, and dewing a cord from his neckerchief, drew out a locket from his breast.

There it is—my treasure and my life," he continued, as he opened the locket and showed it to Clara.

It was a fair young girl—a miniature painted on ivory.

"I painted it myself, long ago," he added, as he looked at it with eager fondness. "I loved Honora when I was but eighteen, and will love her till I die. Honora was willing to become my wife, but her parents broke it off. I have only her memory, and the knowledge of her true and faithful love."

Clara listened with respectful and tender sympathy. This disclosure seemed to increase their intimacy, and establish a new bond between them. He, too, had loved and had been unfortunate. He could sympathize with her, and she with him.

In the testimony of the camp," resumed André, "or in the perils of the campaign, I have had many friends to accompany me, and beguile many a weary or a melancholy hour. It came me back to the days when I was a mere lad, and first met Honora. She was to sweet and so beautiful that she seems to me the image of celestial purity. When I think of death or the dangers which surround me, I think of her as one so glorified beings, with the fire and the expression of Heaven."

"You have kept that portrait well," said Clara.

"I wear it next my heart. For years it has been there. At the capture of St. Johns I put it in my mouth, and so preserved it. I would part with life before I would give it up."

He seemed to take great delight in confiding to Clara all his history. He told her of his mother and sisters, described his love, and all his hopes and fears, related his history since he came to America, and showed her his plans and hopes for the future. Although he hoped for honor and glory from the war, yet he looked forward to its close with eager impatience, so that he might return to his beloved England.

"I am on the eve of a great achievement now," said he, "which will have an effect on my fortunes."

"What is it?" asked Clara.

"I am not speaking that is intended will some danger, but which will be of infinite service to my King and country, and bring honor to myself. I am not going on this purpose to-day, but I shall return to New York first, but in a few days I will go."

"On a secret expedition?"

"No; this one needs only caution, coolness and address."

"Do you go alone?"

"Yes."

"What can you do alone against the Americans?"

"Oh, I am not going out in the style of a knight-errant, to fight a host. I go to see, to treat, to deliberate——"

"And plot?" asked Clara, with a sudden suspicion.

"Plot is an ugly word, but I suppose it is the only one that can be applied to this business."

"Who among the Americans is base enough to consent to this?"

"One who is a brave officer and a popular hero; he repents of being a rebel, and desires to return to the shadow of the old flag."

"It is possible that any can be found among them base enough to do this?"

"It is possible."

"He cannot do much injury, then. He is probably some worthless fellow who finds that his services have been slighted, and is anxious to strike a bargain with King George for his worthless abilities."

"You are mistaken. This man is neither worthless nor insignificant. His services have been millions. His name is illustrious, his power and influence great. His defection will be a terrible blow. The country will sink beneath it. Faith will die out, and no man will know whom to trust."

"The country's heart is strong," said Clara, "and there are enough true patriots to fight for it and keep it. I weep to hear a hundred should become traitors, it will not shake the resolute courage of those who remain true."

"I grant all that."

"But how does the country be ruined?"

"His treason is not all."

"What else is there?"

André paused for a moment, as if thinking. He was about to disclose a terrible secret, but was to talk over public affairs with a young girl, and his caution was lulled by the recollection that her father was a noted Tory, and in the very center of the British district, and that he could extract for you. He thought that Clara would have sufficient experience with reasonable correctness to her own house, to escape feeling any surprise at this. And also there was brought by to a familiar Loyalist, and a firm believer in the Divine Right of Kings.

After all, he thought, this little girl will never be able to divulge the secret, even if she wished to, for she is now among us.

He felt a desire for her sympathy in the expedition which was before him, and about which his mind was already filled with mournful presentiments.

"What else is there?" repeated Clara.

"My expedition," he answered, "is about something more important than the winning over of a mere man. He could join us by coming to us, and some of our officers need run any risk. But more important things are in view. There are certain points in every scene of war, the possession of which gives the supremacy in the field. Those who hold them can be absolute masters, and it often happens that a whole war will be about one place.

"There is such a place not many miles from here. While the Americans have it they are masters, but if we could get it we would gain the sovereignty over all this district, and not only this, but we would sunder their chain of forces, and knock their line of strength—all the long maturing plans of Washington would be broken up in one moment, and the revolution put down completely."

Clara turned as pale as death.

"And this will be delivered up?"

"It will."

"Is it possible that so infamous a traitor can exist? Four, poor unfortunate country!"

"Why—I believe that you are a little rebel after all," said André with a smile, "in spite of your Loyalist leaning."

"In spite of my Loyal training," said Clara, "I cannot forget that I was born here. This is my country, and Washington and all the patriots are my countrymen. With whom ought I to sympathize?"

"Why, with none but your own people—your host, your hopes, and your prayers will all be with them."

"They are—they are."

"A true Loyalist like yours could not feel otherwise. Our country before all else. If I were an American I would have to fight against his king—my sword should be drawn in support of the land which I was born, my arm and my life laid side by side with my brethren."

"Oh how it is possible that with such noble sentiments you can take part in so base an action."

"It is base—black—and foul beyond all words to express; but think for a moment. I love my country, I honor my king, and I fight for them. I am sworn to sustain their cause. This traitor offers to betray his country to us. It will destroy the rebellion, restore the king's supremacy, and reinstate my country. Why, then, are we to do?"

"What!" cried Clara—"why, uphold honor, and shame all else—keep your flag stainless and pure before everything. Send the traitor's proposal to Washington, and let him see how you scorned to take mean advantages."

"Oh! Washington!" cried André. "You are an enthusiast."

"Nothing is lost by upholding honor," said Clara.

"I value honor more than life; but here we are forced to avail ourselves of this advantage. The dishonor is not communicated to us—it is the traitor's only. And for him it will be an unutterable curse. His name will be loaded in the bag, and his memory execrated throughout all time."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WASHINGTON AND TEMPLE.

Harry Temple had been put ashore within a short distance of King's Bridge, the very place to which he was bound. Making the best of his way there, he soon reached a farm house at which Washington was reposing after a hard night's ride.

He was owned and some being announced he was at once admitted.

Washington was there with only Colonel Hamilton in the room. Both of them appeared to be somewhat troubled.

He greeted Captain Temple in a friendly manner, and taking the dispatch, read it over carefully. It was of no particular importance, since André had sent it more for the sake of putting him in danger than for any information it might contain.

Washington made inquiries about West Point and about Mrs. Arnold, after which he sunk into silence.

"It is now the middle of September," said Washington at last. "I must leave at once for Hartford to arrange with Rochambeau about the junction of forces. I think I had better set out to-morrow."

He paused with an expression of deep anxiety over his face.

"It seems to grow worse every day," said he. "The enemy must have spies among our inmost circle."

Temple started.

"Why so?" said Hamilton.

"Because I am thwarted at though by deliberate design. My plans are discamaged before they can begin to be executed; and this has been repeated so often that it has become a matter of deep anxiety in my mind. The man who thus gives information to the enemy, will strike a harder blow—and what if the plans which I make now with Rochambeau should also be divulged to Sir Henry Clinton?"

"There is no possibility of finding out the guilty one?"

"I am baffled then for. The plans that have been communicated to the enemy are such as are known to a very few of us. We are all equally interested in keeping them inviolably secret. It is not very likely that I would divulge them to Clinton, is it? or you, Colonel Hamilton? or Knox, or Arnold, or Putnam, or Lafayette; and yet some of these plans which have been communicated to the enemy are known to no other human beings but ourselves, so far as I have any knowledge."

"If this is so," said Hamilton, "then you must conclude either that one of us is a traitor, or that these plans have not been divulged."

"That is a painful dilemma," said Washington, "and of course I must believe that the plans are not divulged. But there is the fact. I am thwarted, anticipated, exposed in my movements. Now if the guilties of the British commander was such that he anticipated my plans, or by his own military skill hampered my movements, it would be different. Clinton has not so high an order of genius as this. There must be communication with him. You state the dilemma in too strong a way, Hamilton—the conclusion that I come to is that there is some enemy on who are able to find out some of our chief secrets."

During this conversation Temple had been present as unobserved. The importance of his intelligence that he had overheard now seemed to burst within him. And yet he did not dare to tell it, even in this great necessity. He had not the courage to avow that he had been a listener to the conversation of others.

Nor could he dare to suggest any one. He would not trust ventures to accuse any trusted and so famous as Benedict Arnold. What testimony could he adduce, or how could he excuse what would seem like the basest slander.

He felt like a traitor himself. He felt as though he were sharing in this atrocious plot. He saw the evils slowly being unravelled around his loved country, and yet he could not make up his mind to speak.

"Where have you been during this past five or six weeks?" asked Washington, at length.

"At West Point."

"You have not been away?"

"No."

"Have you met with any intelligence about the 'Triad?'"

"Not a word."

"Have you heard nothing about them at all?"

"Only rumors."

"Rumors—and to what effect?"

"That they are still loyal. I have understood that they are very constant informers to the enemy."

"That has been my own suspicion," said Washington. "Here is a secret band—no one knows anything about it—no one but their leaders. It is said that they are Indians, and that they are Loyalists, by a pledged oath; but with this, we see that communication is carried to the enemy constantly, yet secretly. Arnold seems to belong to the other. The treasonable correspondence seems to be carried on with secrecy enough. Now who is the head of this, and who is the chief lord r and mover of this secret power?"

"If we could but discover that," said Hamilton.

"I thought a few weeks since that I could not trust even you," said Washington, turning suddenly upon him with a look of inquiry. "I no longer, I hope, suspect you, but I must be followed, diligently and remorselessly, by the spies of the enemy, and by a pledged and sworn vigilance men this we have. These men must be found out, and punished. They are the severest, yet disguised, and known only as farmers or drovers."

"That is the most effective plan to destroy our cause," said Temple.

"No once proposed yourself as leader to a band of traitors?" said Washington, turning to Temple. "Are you of the same mind still?"

"No service could be more acceptable," said Temple, eagerly.

"Then I will appoint you at once to this duty. Think over all the resolute men that you have known, and choose your band.

Upon this Temple rose, and with exultant feelings went out.

CHAPTER XIX.

DANGER.

That same morning Temple entered Arnold's apartment in the house near West Point.

"Ah, Temple!" exclaimed, said the latter, with much satisfaction.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you anything decisive yet?"

"Talk on."

He held a paper in Arnold's outstretched hand.

"It seems so difficult to have a meeting that I am almost in despair. You know this we have been trying to have an interview on Dobb's Ferry, when the British fleet and compelled me to return to West Point. I am by for that time. I tried to get André to come here, but he wouldn't venture."

"Is his message definite?"

"He says that he cannot consents to come again and see if we cannot arrange a meeting on board the British vessel."

"When Washington is out of the way, it will be easy to have such a meeting."

"Yes—I am walking for that with much seeming."

"I am afraid that there is trouble."

"Talk on."

"Washington suspects."

"Suspects!"

"Yes—strongly."

"Is that possible?"

"Some of his plans have been counteracted so quickly that he is certain they have been betrayed. He is thoroughly roused, and if he once gets on the track, he will follow it out, no matter to who it guilty. He is now out on such business in his investigation that I dread it."

"It does look dangerous."

"I have a plan, if you will allow me to propose it."

"Most certainly; say on."

"I have some sacrifice some one."

"Sacrifice! Why?"

"To settle the guilty man, and stop further examination."

"You would be a wise plan, if it could be done."

"It can be done."

"How can it be proved?"

"I have found a man who has, by his own indiscretion, raised against himself a weight of proof that must crush him."

"Impossible."

"It is true."

"Who is he?"

"Henry Temple."

"Captain Temple! why, man," cried Arnold,

"I thought you had put him out of the world by this time."

"No; he escaped us."

"Well, you ought to let the poor devil go there."

"Oh, this is your affair now," said Gondo. "You are so much interested in sacrificing him as a victim."

"Well—yes; but first tell me how in the world he managed to escape?"

"By disobedience to orders."

"Disobedience!"

"Yes, mark that. You told him to go by land—he went by water."

"Because he is in love with Clara Wells—in love with a Tory's daughter, remember that. He neglected his general's orders."

"And so he escaped?"

"Yes. I found it out, and hurried down to a place where I got two boats ready, and got twenty determined fellows to attack him——"

"What—attack him single-handed!"

"Oh, no; he had eight men."

"Eight against twenty! and yet he escaped! How is that?"

Gondo related the attack and Temple's victory with bitter mortification. Arnold listened with a flushing eye.

"That willow is a hero!" he cried, in a burst of involuntary admiration. "I see he fell into a fit of laughter at the idea of his capturing these men and taking them prisoners."

"There is another reason yet," said Gondo.

"He is too keen to be shot here at an impetuous juncture like this. To get rid of him will be a master-year even asking in a double sense."

"Oh, by all means let's get rid of him then," cried Arnold.

Gondo's dark face assumed an air of malignant triumph worthy of a fiend.

"When does Washington leave?" he asked.

"In a day or two, as they think."

"And you will see him before?"

"Of course."

"When?"

"Now, if you like. I think I had better go over to-day."

"By all means, and let this precaution be taken. For, unless there is something of this kind done, Washington will scarcely get things in a train to discover everything. Besides, I think in that man is in West Point he will be a serious obstacle."

"I entirely agree with you," said Arnold, "as to the propriety of crushing this conspiracy. Attention and suspicion will all settle upon him if necessary, and the work can go on unincumbered reputedly."

"Let us, then, make all the haste we can," said Gondo, "so that this may be done while there is time."

"Where is he?"

"With Washington, just now;" and Gondo related how Temple had landed from the British vessel.

It did not take long to make preparations. In a very short time the host was seen to ride away, and were forth with his dishonorable companion to crush the unsuspecting young soldier.

Meantime Henry Temple was deliberating about the men whom he should choose to aid the enterprise which Washington had committed to him. He marked down the names of such as it occurred to him, and then re-examined the list.

Resolved, hopeful, joyous, looking upon fame and honor as certain, all seemingly upon the future. He saw not the messengers of evil that were rapidly drawing near to envelop the scene in a deep gloom.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ARREST.

Washington was still down, and when Arnold arrived in company with Gondo, they found him dressing correspondence. He welcomed them with his usual urbanity.

"I have come on business of some importance," said Arnold.

"I know there is no bad news."

"It is partly bad and partly good. You have frequently complained about certain suspicions which you had concerning treacherous correspondence with the enemy. Every true patriot will be troubled at such a thing, and I have done my utmost to discover some trace of this painful business."

"And what is the result?" asked Washington, with marked eagerness.

"I am sorry to say suspicion falls heavily upon a young officer whom I have always highly valued, and who has been in intimate connection with me, and with you also, if I mistake not."

"Upon whom?"

"Captain Harry Temple."

Washington did not say a word. Whatever moved that great soul—whatever joy or grief—no trace of emotion was visible externally.

"I should be sorry to arrest him without sufficient cause," said Washington, after a short pause.

"The cause is unfortunately too strong," said Arnold.

"Go on."

"A day or two since I gave him a dispatch for you. I ordered him to go by land, upon certain route, and on horseback, and alone. These were necessary precautions. Instead of obeying orders, he took a boat, took eight farmers, and sailed down the river."

"A grave act of insubordination," said Washington.

"It seems that he is in love with the daughter of Wells, who is upheld in such a safe nest to be connected with. It is true, that out of pity for Mrs. Wells, whose house was burned and sacked by a Philadelphia mob, I gave him hospitality. But I know she must also be a rank, fanatical Tory.

"Temple sailed down the river in company with this man?"

"They went down for some distance in safety, until they reached a point where two guard-boats of our men put off. They wished to examine them, I presume, as usual.

"Temple's men, although farmers, were all excellent marksmen. As the two boats approached, these men leveled their pieces at the opposing gunners.

"Upon being hailed, Temple, without a word, commanded his men to fire.

"They fired, and every shot struck. Before they could recover from their surprise, Temple drove his boat violently against the nearest of the two, where all was confusion, and took her. The other fell in our prey. He took the crew bound them, and sent them up to me. Of course I released them."

"What reason did he assign to you for conferring them?" said Washington.

"He said that they were marauders.

"The worst of this is yet to come."

"It must be bad indeed, then," remarked Washington.

"It is indeed.

"He continued further on until he approached the British vessel, 'Vulture.' His crew, who seem to be true men, of course hoped overboard and swam ashore. Temple, however, saw Wells and his daughter and servants on board, and then went on board himself."

"Went on board!"

"Yes—and he was seen, while there, talking very familiarly with the commander."

"Was the man mad?"

"He must be reckless from long impunity."

"It is probable."

"He remained on board for some time. Finally, it seems he had spent enough time on board, as he concluded to come ashore. The obliging British officer sent a boat ashore, which landed at a convenient place, and Temple came to this place. He then came to you, and arrived here by the circuitous route, quite as gaily as though he had gone by the road which I recommended."

"Who are the witnesses to this?"

"Joseph Gondo testifies to some, other parties to the rest. They are all here. I brought them."

"Mr. Gondo has already carried his life on his patch on board the British vessel, and remained on board long enough for the officer to see him."

"Long enough for all on board to read it.

"I have also very reasons to believe in the subject, which I dare say will also suggest themselves to you. You remember you had suspicions, in which we all shared, about a secret band called the 'Triad.'"

"Yes."

"I think now that this man must be at the head of them. Then was the public declaration of the bad Poole on the Philadelphia road. It was unquestionably more than a coincidence in this Temple should here pass through to Philadelphia, and that very time, and that in the road on which he would the news?"

Washington leaned back in his chair with a frown on his brow.

He was disposed to hunt up the members of this band, if I am not mistaken."

"Yes."

"Temple has the opportunity of becoming acquainted with any of them in a short time. I know no other man, except the leading gentlemen present, (and it is preposterous to suspect them of treachery,) who has access to so many of the members of Congress. Every day this man goes on board the enemy's vessel, with our despatches in his pocket, and stays there long enough to arrange everything, and then he comes back to the American camp. He is known to be the enemy, I at once am suspected as one who is in league with him, and you, this is the traitor."

"The conspiracy is formidable," said Washington, slowly.

"Where is Temple now?"

"Here."

"Here on duty?"

"You will be surprised when I tell you what he is doing."

"What is it?"

"He is organizing a company which is to consist of picked men, who are to devote themselves to the service of the State."

Arnold looked earnestly at the commander-in-chief.

"I could laugh at this man's matchless impudence," he said, "were not so dangerous in his hands. And here he is now, watching closely. Temple has secured with a large bribe that you are going to Hartford; he will hurry his work and you intend to be there; he will know that I visited you. For this reason I have come to-day as quickly as possible. His next step will be to arrange for my arrest. He will be the acting officer of West Point to the Vulture."

Little did Washington think, as he left the hearing of these words. A short time afterwards he was arrested, and taken to the fort.

His power of mischief is cadet now, as any one can see. Washington, as I said, is not to be trifled with.

Harry Temple was walking up and down on a green grassplot not far away, and looking out upon the river. Thoughts of love filled up the hours, he had forgotten war for the moment, and was dreaming as thought to be gentle Clara.

When shall we meet again? he thought. Ah, when shall we meet with no more fetters on us? I may meet her in fame and glory—so that Wells may not be my father-in-law.

The trump of soldiers sounded behind him, and they came to arrest him. But Temple's mission too much accustomed to such sounds to heed this.

A hand was laid on his shoulder.

He turned.

He saw a file of soldiers, and a sergeant held him by the arm and showed him a paper.

Temple looked over it with a cool eye.

Sixteen looked confused and mustered something like a protest, but it was vain.

"What!" cried Temple.

"It's a mistake," he gasped and read it. He read it again.

"It's a mistake. Pooh!" He handed it back.

"No, no," said the sergeant; "it's all right."

"It's a mistake, I tell you," said Temple, excited. He'll explain."

"No," said the sergeant. "The General gave it to me himself, and told me to take you to the fort. It's all right, sir."

Temple's face flushed, then it turned deathly white.

"Arrested!" he cried; "arrested, and by Washington! Great God—no, no NEXT.]

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

JOSEPH DIXON
THE TRAPPER OF THE MISSOURI.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Joseph Dixon, a venerable resident of the state of Missouri, is one of those brave men, the recital of whose adventures and sufferings in the early more like the romance of fiction than the real adventures of life. Many of the most thrilling adventures, as related by a good old itinerant minister, have occurred within the trapper now is, I will narrate.

Joseph Dixon, said to be preacher, "has been a great hunter, and scarcely a month in the year but he has been through the trying scenes and hardships of a life of wild adventure. The first adventures was the following:

"In the year 1812, Joseph Dixon, who his father moved with his family from Pennsylvania to the banks of the Mississippi river, in the state of Missouri. Here Joseph discovering that the Indians who visited the town were bringing large quantities of furs, which they disposed of for goods of trifle, it occurred to him that by a considerable speculation might be entered into, by purchasing furs from the Indians, transporting them to the upper Missouri, in search of those furs.

"With this idea he looked about, and among the many young adventurers who had then emigrated to the Far West, he found two or three who were willing to accompany him.

"Accordingly they went to work, and soon were provided with a large dug-out. They also had to their number of ammunition, traps, blankets, arms, &c., and having laid in a large quantity of provisions, they shoved off from the town of the Missouri. They had not proceeded many leagues, when signs of game hindered them to land and set their traps, which, in the evening they found filled with beaver.

"Thus they proceeded leisurely along, trapping and drying their furs, till having more than was convenient for them to carry along with them, they cached them (that is, hid them) in the dry sand bluffs of the river.

"Their voyage, however, was not a pleasure trip; for the Indians uncertaining their object, became hostile, and attempted to drive them down the stream again. But by showing a bold front, sometimes fighting their way, and at others advancing under cover of the night, and having resort to various manœuvres to deceive their watchful enemies, our adventurers reached the mouth of the Sioux river, where winter having set in, they determined to await the return of spring.

"They had dug into the side of a dry hill, and gathering a good supply of leaves and grass, made a comfortable dwelling; and game being abundant, would have passed the cold months agreeably enough, had it not been for the annoyances they experienced from the Indians.

"Spring at length arrived, and in a few days the guild sun rays would remove the icy barriers of the stream, and they could launch their canoe and recommence their voyage.

"About this time Dixon discovered that his three partners were opposed to the continuation of the voyage, the hostile Indians; and one day he overheard a plot between them, to possess themselves of the traps, packs, and ammunition, and desert them. Dixon was a determined leader, and return to St. Louis, robbing the cache so they went.

"The young man was aware that alone he could do nothing to counteract their determination. But for himself he resolved to remain in the country till such time as something occurred that brought him to it.

"Therefore, without indicating any knowledge of their traitorous designs, he proceeded to prepare for his journey. He secreted a small portion of the traps, as many as he thought he could manage alone. He then did the same with a good portion of the ammunition and some of the provisions, and during everything else to the knaves to depart with. Having succeeded in this, he made up his way to rid himself of men who, it was evident, were only waiting to murder him.

"Joseph Dixon was one of those self-reliant men, that nothing could discourage. Confident in his own powers, and determination that this would make more than despair, he preferred to be alone in that wild region, surrounded by open and avowed enemies, to continuing in company with those who sought to take his life treacherously.

"The river was open, and but little floating ice was remaining, on the morning Dixon thinking it was a favorable time for his work, set out upon the river. He had not gone far, and saying he should be absent till night in search of game, he left his canoes. As expected, on his return the place was deserted. The traitors had departed, and he had not provisioned sufficient, and disappeared, determined to be alone in that wild region, with their plunder, had indeed secured their canoe, which he no longer trusted.

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"Congratulating himself with the thought that he was now his own master, with none to molest or make him afraid, he shoved off from the shore, and with his trusty rifle on the other, and his ammunition and provisions all safely completed another canoe, and was once more fairly on his voyage.

"He still continued up the Missouri, trapping and hunting as he ascended the river, meeting with and occasionally having a brush with the Indians, who, however, seeing that he had not provisioned sufficient, and disappeared, determined to be alone in that wild region, with their plunder, had indeed secured their canoe, which he no longer trusted.

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THOU ART NOT LISTENING NOW.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I cannot, as in former years,
Sing that familiar strain,
For at each note my tears fall thick
And fast on April rain.
There is a sorrow in my heart,
A shadow on my brow,
The joys of earth are naught to me—
Thou art not listening now.

Were this the spirit of Angels
I oft was breed to be,
My heart, in its deep thankfulness,
Would turn and cling to thee;
And I my wish would unfold,
My love and faith avow;
But what avail these musings—
Thou art not listening now!

For thee, sweet love, I would have died
And suffered all alone;
If by the offering of my life,
It would have saved thine own.
But why this grief, this wild wail,
And smiles in each vow,
For me on earth there is no peace—
Thou art not listening now!

But hark! I hear within my soul
A whisper soft and low;
It is the echo of thine own,
When thou wert here below.
Thy spiritual presence now has closed
The shadows from my brow,
Oh, thanks to God, I know
That thou art listening now!

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "OUR NEIGHBORS," "MISUNDER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

Why should we murmur when the storm is nigh?
Because it is the ordering of unlucky.
Why should we fail and faint and sigh?
Because.

"You have lost no time, I hear, in making acquaintance," observed Sir Rupert Musgrave to his nephew when they met at the banking-house the office the day after the ball in Regent-street.

Harold thought of Blanco, and could not conceal a momentary embarrassment; and, as yet he had no cause to blush.

"Nay, I do not blame you," added his uncle; "on the contrary, I approve of it, provided you make them diversify. It is only necessary," he added, "that at your age you should seek society."

"One was the companion of my boyhood at Lewesmere," said our hero, recovering his self-possession—"the son of my dear father's kindest and most valued friend."

"The gentleman was most unexceptionable, no doubt," replied the baronet, with a sigh, as he thrust upon the word "gentleman." Your aunt described him as having the air of a country squire, or some person of that kind. Any relations."

"No doubt of it, my dear boy—no doubt of it. Who is Mr. Mayfield?"

"The father of my friend," answered the young man, in a voice which plainly indicated his impatience at being thus questioned.

Whatever the views of the wealthy banker might be with respect to his relative, it was evidently far from his wish to irritate or offend him, for his air was changed in his manner and tone.

"Do not mistake my anxiety for curiosity," he said. "Once satisfied that you love not been led into any connection which in after life you might regret, I have nothing further to observe upon the subject. My pride, as well as the tie of blood between us," he added, "give me the right to watch over your welfare. Enough of this. I am not usually so demonstrative."

There appeared something so manly, straightforward, and affectionate in his speech, that but for the recollection of Sir Rupert's conduct to his cousin Henry, his nephew would have been completely dazzled by it. As it was, he unwillingly asked himself whether he had not judged him severely.

"By the by, Harold," continued his uncle, "I believe that on the night you were here we arranged the rooms there; shall we visit them?"

"With pleasure, sir."

There was a private as well as a public entrance to the house in Lombard-street. The former opened into a large hall, painted by Thornhill, and contained a few old oaken staircases, hung with portraits, and two doors.

The first door communicated only with the passage-room and principal staircase.

The second, which was of iron, with the bank, completely inclosing it, where cash, from the rest of the building.

"You will be quite safe soon, as the French say," observed Sir Jasper Mansell, as he pointed out the strength of the latter apartment.

"Quite," repeated the latter, with a smile.

The room above, fitted up for the reception of Harold, were large, exceedingly old-fashioned, and, despite the confinement, so airy and luxurious, style of the furniture, very gloomy. They were all situated at the back of the house, and received their light from the inclosed narrow court.

"You have been too bountiful," exclaimed our hero, as he surveyed the handsome suite. "Books, too! How kind! One sitting-room would have been sufficient; a bed-room was perfectly unnecessary."

"I wish you to feel satisfied," said his uncle.

"I am more than satisfied; I feel most grateful, sir."

"And make it your home," added Sir Jasper Mansell; "feel that it is your home."

"How can I ever repay such goodness," demanded his nephew.

"I am about to inform you," replied the banker. "I told you at first it is my wish that perfect friendship should exist between us."

"You did."

"I now request a return for my kindness to you."

"I thought so," elucidated our hero, mentally.

"What are you thinking of?" demanded his relative, who read in the eloquent features of the youth the doubt that had passed across his brain.

"That I should like to hear the nature of the return you expect before I accept your bounty," replied his nephew, candidly.

"You are right," said the baronet, after regarding him curiously; "and I am far from feeling offended at your caution. It is natural in actor, strength of mind, prudence, tact—in fact, the very qualities I most require in you."

Harold would have given the world to smile. He thought of the fable of the fox and the crow, which his father had taught him to repeat when a child, and could not drive it from his recollection.

"It is a long history I am about to recount to you," added the speaker. "That we may not be interrupted, close the door of the outward room."

His nephew did as his uncle requested, returned, and resumed his seat in silence.

"Thirty-four years ago," said the baronet, "a double crime was committed in the city very house—robbery and murder."

His hearer repeated the last word with absorbed.

"Those who investigated the deed considered it murder," observed Sir Jasper; "for my own part, I have always doubted it."

"What do you believe it to have been?" asked our hero, in a suppressed tone.

"A suicide," replied the baronet. "You will understand my reasons for thinking it so as I proceed. My father, Sir Joseph Mansell, was the founder of the bank, had two servants in whom he placed the most implicit confidence. One was the old man whose singular appearance and manner you have already observed.

"Mark Chambers?"

"The same."

Harold had felt a presentiment that somehow or other that venerable old man would be mixed up in the details he was about to listen to.

"The other," continued the narrator, "was his son, Clement, a young fellow of singular abilities and extreme unsteadiness. From his day I earned no confidence, and had been greatly struck with him, and frequently assisted him unknown to my father, but I was young at the time—with funds to speculate with upon his private account.

"I understand, sir; you were friends."

"We were friends," said Sir Jasper; "and although so many years have elapsed since the dreadful event, I cannot allude to it without emotion. I recollect it as well as if it were but yesterday. I had returned from a journey to Paris, and only returned to England the very night it occurred, was late to visit the bank, and proceeded to your grandfather's at Streatham, where I slept.

On hearing this his uncle, on the night of the crime, had urged me his failure to my father, felt, without knowing why, as if a weight had been unloosed from his heart, and, indeed, he seemed to breathe more freely.

"On my arrival in London I found the following morning that the report was, "I found everything in confusion. The bank had been broken into, a sum amounting to thirty-four or forty thousand pounds stolen, and Clement Chambers, the cashier, and youngest, had his throat cut from ear to ear."

Horrified exclamations burst from her.

So great was the agitation of the banker, that several minutes elapsed before he could resume the terrible narrative.

"Despite the reputed wealth of Sir Joseph Innys, and high character for probity," he resumed, at last, "the fact was that he could not prove a heavy blow to the credit of the firm; and, had not his brother-in-law, Sir Rupert Musgrave, stepped in, he must have suspended payment. Fortunately, the robbery and the murder were known; friends, after the first panic had subsided, came forward; security was given at the Bank of England for a hundred thousand pounds, and the house was saved."

"I thought you said the robbery amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds," observed his nephew.

"It did; but the smaller sum was in gold."

"And never recovered?"

"Never," replied Sir Jasper. "As a matter of business the police did their duty, and every engine set on foot to detect some clue to the perpetrators of the double crime; but to this day till years afterwards I discovered accidentally that the very night on which the fatal deed was committed, Clement Chambers had paid a loose on the Bank of England notes to the amount of twenty thousand pounds."

"In proof of having appropriated the gold, sheer?" exclaimed his nephew.

"I fear so."

"And have destroyed the notes?"

"Possibly," said the narrator, smugly. "The loss, thank Heaven, is no longer a serious question with the firm. We can understand that in the commercial world, where honor is the soul of confidence, the robbery proved a blow to the credit of the bank; but nothing but the enormous capital poured into it by my father could have saved it from ruin. It did so, however. Some hinted that no robbery had ever been committed—that Clement Chambers arrived when it was alluded to."

"But the murder—who outlet the murderer?"

"Sir Joseph never doubted that, and continued to treat Mark Chambers with the same kind confidence. A singular proof of the old man's devotion to the interests of his employer is to be found in the fact that the robbery proved a blow to the credit of the bank, and that

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MY CORRESPONDENTS

BY MRS. L. N. SIGOURNEY.

A mail!—More letters?
Why, there's quite a throng
Already gathered here, a knot of those
Upbraiding me. Am I, who've striv'd to keep
Clear of factiousness, and never said,
Robe, or vest, or otherwise liberalid
What was not paid for, (so my father taught)
Become a bankrupt?
Would there were some nook
Or kind portion of loneliness,
Through which gibbering dolorers might creep out, and cease harassing me. Could I but pay
One dime upon the dollar, I should feel
Rather than I do now.
Yet, see, indeed,
I've not been idle. With my strider on
I've done my best, laid cloth to cut, and sew
The advancing tide. My yearly records show
More than two thousand of these little books
Received or answered, yet enough remain
Still unacknowledged to disturb my peace.
Had I as many hands as he of old
Tobyed Rebecca, and many more eyes
As modern folk give them for fellies rare,
They'd assess suffice.
But courage! Try arm more
To make impression on this mountain pile
Take the first three—
"Please send your autograph."
That's quickly done. So hastily performed,
They'll think I've put my eyesight, or my mind,
And all into the old ally. What's next?
Break the seal envelope.
"Please send a hymn
For our Society, which holds next week
Its anniversary, and always sings
What is original."
My stranger-friend,
If you will trust me, I'll engage to find,
From Tate and Brady downwards, many an Ode
As far superior to what we indite
As modern Bibs these! eastern-mark, that you,
With all your preference for home-made ware,
The old are better. And besides, you know
Your fashionable music often halts
The same dissidence o'er the stiffed words
As Horrebow o'er Psalms. In days gone by
Of toil and domestic manufacture rich
And profound sentiment. Days were
Held captive by its magic ears and eyes
Of all who met to sing. Now, 'tis the Hour
Or Stylish Music. So I will have no hire
To many listeners, if I fail these days.

"One whom we loved is dead. Send us some lines
To comfort us. And let no pitiful tears
Be our own papers."
Would that I could soothe
All mourning hearts. And I have written tomes
Of miscellaneous verse, which, if not extinct,
Though conscious such imperfect pantilings
And broken incongruity of their numbers
Over whom cold Sepulcher grieving Love
Has placed its seal, will be found more or less
A losing effort. Yes, love-stricken one,
To name him their procuser with a song
Of those God hath smitten, and called home lost.

Here's a thick parcel, filled with manuscript,
Which I'm requested carefully to con
And criticise, and point errors and correct out
Of publishers, where it will secure
The largest price—silent demur—from other trade.
If you're acquainted, and have a wish
To publish, sir, I'll tell you where to school.
Or turn the sick, or pip the wealthy set,
For there's no exemption to this law
Be little understood, or great, or small,
As that of rhyming.

"By to-morrow noon,
Send an accurate, please, and much oblige
The whom you never saw, but who's a dancer
Yes, and your poetry."
Politely said!
Yet had we met, there might have been some
Slight difficulty in the way of your request.
Feet of three syllables, to be compressed
In linked rhyming.—Not with my consent.
With an imposing sign. Step in and say
"I hear your bounces lauded—make me one."
Next door's a mantuamaker. "Please to fit
One of your tiniest dresses, and receive
My warmest thanks."
Think you they'd be such gulls
As are their thread and needles, bale and skill,
And take your admiration for their fee?
"Are poets fools?" you ask. Well, if they are,
Two ben the greatest. Two compounded rhymes
Of the most bitterest and ill-spirited
That in this perplexed, wicked race of Satan
I've met with, and obtained the name of poet
Rather than disappointed I have not what
—Col loved.—Why, I marvel that my eyes,
Though still unquenched, are not worn out with
With poring o'er homilies and names
Some legible, save through a microscope;
Letters and syllables alike involv'd,
Like tangled yarn. I cannot think these kinds
Daigle to make me blind, or are in league
With any outlaw. Yet if their ink
Were somewhat darker than a pencil mark,
Twould help the matter much. My sense hath been
A servant of all work for many years,
And now, when I have honored her most ably
She growing faintly.
Sweet, stranger-friends!
Who ever saw my poor memorials?
Don't take offense or feel yourselves agrieved,
If I make no response. I implore
Forbearance and remission. All I am
I'll gladly render. Bid my time grow short,
And household duties often interweave
For still I place them first, thereby time more
Imperative on women than the toils
Of public station, and I will be sure
A comfort to the dwellers with me. Then
On their great journey to a Land of love,
In her fair patriotism and discreet praise.
Hartford, Conn., June 21st, 1862.

THE MURDERER'S ORDEAL.

A CALIFORNIAN'S STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I was always fond of the science of physiognomy. From my youth up, I was noted for my proclivity for reading the character of a man from his face, and I daily became such an adept in the art, that I could unhesitatingly decide on the real traits of the individual whose countenance I was studying.

Soon after the gold fever broke out, I went to California; and there, I must confess, among what else there was to interest me, I found a rich opportunity for exercising my skill upon all sorts of men, some all sense of moral appearances, from the highest triumph of success to the deepest despair of failure. I first took my luck at digging gold myself, but soon tired of that, and believing I could make more money faster and with less labor, I opened a kind of grocery and provision store, and went regularly into the business at trade, buying most of my articles in Sacramento, getting them hauled to my quarters, and dipping of them at a fair advance to the miners and others.

My store, as I signified my place of trade, consisted of a rude wooden shanty, with but a sufficiency of cheap muslin drawn over them and pinned down to the earth, and was stocked up with the most saleable articles, of which flour, pork and whiskey found the most ready market, especially whiskey. In the dry season it was very dusty, and everybody seemed to be dry with a thirst which more water would not quench. If a man was successful, he wanted whiskey to bring his body up to the altitude of his spirits; if unsuccessful, he wanted whiskey to bring his spirits up to the altitude of his body; if it stunned to be a little cool, he wanted whiskey to warm him; if it was very hot, he wanted whiskey to cool him; he needed whiskey in the morning to make him bright and active he needed whiskey at night to rest him and make him sleep well; he wanted it when he bought, and when he sold, when he won, and when he lost, when he stood up, and when he sat down; in short, whiskey was the great regulator of all human feelings—the genuine elixir vitæ—and consequently I did an immense business in whiskey.

Now this, though somewhat irrelevant, brings me to my story.

My store being the headquarters of that locality for whiskey and provisions, I was brought in contact with nearly every specimen of the genus homo that was extant in the country, and each another conglomeration of white, black and red —such denizens of the gambling hells, bowie-knife mountaineers, gamblers, thieves and assassins—it would be hard to find anywhere, outside of California. Of course I had a chance to study all sorts of faces to my heart's content; but having, as I have said, become an adept in the art, as circumstances would naturally be governed by ordinary passions, whether gentle or brutish, I did not interest me. I wanted to get hold of what is termed a character—or one whose external would give me a history. I was anxious to say but a concealment—or one that would really possess me to tell what to think of him.

Among the many, such as one I have just found. At first I did not notice him—did not think of him. As a customer he seemed of nothing to distinguish him from the herd. He came in quietly, unobtrusively, purchased a quantity of flour, pork and tea, paid for the same in gold dust, and went out about his business. He repeated his visits, at different intervals, purchasing, each time, the same articles, and attracted my attention to anything peculiar in his appearance, only from the fact that I never had to say what I saw more in him at last than at first.

He was a powerfully built man, about the age of medium height and slender figure, of a dark complexion, and his hair, which was of a straight hair, dark eyes, and a beard that covered the lower part of his face—all of which there was nothing remarkable—nothing striking. He was quiet—unobtrusive—spoke but little except about the business he came on—got what he wanted, paid for it, disengaged, paid for what he got like a gentleman, and generally retired with an ordinary "Good day," or some similar civility. And yet, as I have said, he began to attract my attention at last, and I began to wonder who he was, what he was in the quiet, reserved and gentlemanly, and did not purchase whiskey at first, and consequently did get excited and boisterous? or was it because there was a sombre cast to his face, which was really fathom? At all events, he had begun to interest me in a manner that I could not explain to hope, that I could not tell how or why, led me into a closer examination of his face, if I can so say.

After this I prolonged his visits as much as I could without seeming to do so designedly and intentionally. The things he wanted I generally had some trouble in getting, and filled up the interval by remarks about the weather, the country, the mines, the prospects of success or the failure of others—in a word, anything I could think of to induce him to converse, and thus more furtively all the while. He answered easily and readily, but with the same peculiar cast of reserve that was not suggestive, or tending to ward familiarity. His replies, however, evinced a man of mind and education, and I began to give him credit for being a thinker—perhaps a practical and intelligent man, if it was given a powerful term that best expresses my idea.

One day, I remember how, I touched upon the general superstitions of mankind, and to my surprise I saw a shade fall over his countenance. His eye changed expression, and brightened, and emitted a peculiar, restless glitter. I saw that my attention being thus directed to his eye, I now believed that I had come to know no one exactly like it—one capable of being so suppressed and yet so full of soul which expressed so much. It was off its guard now—the door was really open—the ice had melted for the time, and I looked in at that door, that opening, and saw that the soul of a man was not dead, but a nameless fear came over me—a strange thrill passed through me, like an electric shock—I felt an internal shudder of dread. No wonder I had not been able to read him before: the man had been wearing a mask.

I now had the key to the mystery, and to him, and I used it. It was a powerful one, and Heaven—he was superstitious himself. Why? Good men may be superstitious, and in such a way are, because they carry a belief of still being within their bodies the spirit of the dead as I could see by his eye, and I made his fortune wager. I told him I was a believer in sorcery, witchcraft and magic—of ghosts, hobgoblins and demons. He looked startled, turned pale, breathed with compressed lips, and trembled in spite of his powerful mind—I saw it.

If good men, as I have said, are sometimes superstitious, why, you ask, did I think this man bad for being superstitious? Because I answer, because I had accidentally thrown him off his guard and he was not a good man—simply because he was not naturally nervous and credulous. *Her* had been in the habit of the use of his iron nature, for could only arise from the self-condemning workings of a guilty wicked deed. The man was even then a criminal.

But let me hasten to the denouement.

It chanced that no other person was present when this conversation occurred about the superstitious fancies of men, and as soon as we were interrupted by the entrance of another customer, my dark villainer left somewhat abruptly.

After that he did not come to store as he was here, and never seemed so much at ease, and never renewed the conversation that had so agitated him, and never, in fact, entered into any other kind of conversation with me, except my thoughts to myself, but seemed to shun me. Besides which, he had learned that he had been so fortunate as to secure a cabin right from which, with his partner, another young man, he was taking out gold in quantities, and proceeded to enrich both, and that both had the fever of excitement upon them, and were rapidly

One dark night, about three or four weeks after this, I was awakened from a deep by wild, prolonged shrieks, and cries of—

"Murder! murder! help! help!"

I jumped up, seized my revolvers, and darted out into the open air. The cries of distress were still continued, coming from a point on the bank of the river about a hundred rods below me. In a minute I was joined by five others, all well armed, and together we started on a run down to the place from which the alarm proceeded. When we arrived there, at least half a dozen more collected in and around the tent of the dark man I have been describing, and the partner of the man who had given the alarm. His partner and companion lying in his gore, murdered, and he himself had been slightly cut across the face and gashed on the left arm, and he was all excitement, frightened, horror-stricken, and craving vengeance against the assassin. It was some time before we could get at the particulars, and then we learned that both had been sleeping side by side, when an unknown robber had crawled under the light canvas, stabbed one to the heart, and taken a large bag of gold dust under his head. With this he was escaping, when the present narrator awoke and seized him, and received the wounds which had compelled him to relinquish his hold. Lights were brought, and there, sure enough, was the bloody confirmation of all that had been related.

I shall make no attempt to portray the intense excitement, the wild rage and consternation, which this daring murder occasioned. Every man felt that, if the assassin escaped without his just punishment, he was no longer safe in security for any one in our hitherto quiet and peaceful valley, and solemn oaths were taken to hang the wretch, if found, upon the nearest tree. A large reward was offered for his detection and capture, and every one had set to work about there was more or less suspected, and I myself, for a time, had my eye on three or four fellow-dog, he would have been hung first and asked questions after. I said how I felt, and had my own suspicions, and I conjured my friends to keep a sharp look-out for them.

The murdered young man was so decently buried as surrounding circumstances would permit, and his companion, my superstitious friend, gave vent to moody vows of revenge, and filled his "load" any more, and proposed selling off his rockers and tools, and quitting the country altogether. I think he would have gone at once, only that I told him it would not look well to leave without an effort to discover the murderer, as some people might be malicious enough to say that he was accessory to the murder, and so got him into trouble. He turned pale at this, and could only groan and swear, as he thought by that means he could discover the wretch of his dear, dear friend.

On the second afternoon following the tragical affair, I was sitting in front of my store, the friend of the murdered man among the number, when I saw a man approaching on horseback. I had told them I had something to suggest, and was expecting this man, and so thought it not unlikely I should give them some clue to his character.

When all had collected, and arranged themselves, so as to be within hearing, I stepped into my door—eager, expectant, excited—I came forward, holding in my hand a map. This I made them a short speech on the various superstitions of men, which I illustrated by reading their origin in mysterious facts revealed from the past, and finally came to the conclusion that the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty, and, among other things, I mentioned how the ghosts of murdered men would often haunt the murderers, compelling them to confess their crimes against their will, and how I had been known to give up their awful secrets in this way. I then added that I had a map which should place his hand upon the body of the guilty man, if he were among us, though he would bleed afresh.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I continued, "I hold in my hand as sure a test as any I have mentioned, and I believe it will work in this case. My murderer's secret. Let him but take it in his hand, and the lifeless ghosts of Blackmore, my murdered friend, will point out the guilty one."

F. F.—The first notice of the artificial production of diamonds that has come to us is to be found, as far as I know, in a letter from the Rev. Dr. John Clayton, of Virginia, to the Royal Society of London, and is published in the Transactions for 1694. It is published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1694, and is entitled "An Account of a Diamond Etc. Letter's Discovery," and the process of coal gas, and the method of preparing it, then became well known.

PROVIDENCE.—It is unknown who was the inventor of the needle, but to the date of its invention certain. It is most writer on the subject says that an instrument strongly resembling in the main the needle in use at present, Isaac Pollock. This is confirmed by the well-known historian Ammianus Marcellinus, who lived in the fourth century, who says that Pollock, a native of Thessalonica, was the instrument was brought to its present perfection. In 1545 the boys Gesner, a celebrated Swiss naturalist, at first been equalled elsewhere. Good Germans of the sixteenth manufactures was worth from two hundred to thousand dollars.

PROVIDENCE.—The spots on the sun can be accounted for only by conjecture. Some astronomers have supposed that our planets revolving near the sun. Sadler supposed they were islands of ashes floating in the sun's liquid fire. Dr. Ware supposed them to be the condensations of the gaseous fluid, to the contrary, were regarded them as the effects of the sun's revolution on its axis, carrying with the sun's peculiar atmosphere. The cause of the spots is still a mystery, and will be so until the astronomer can visit the surface of the sun as he can the moon. The largest spot ever seen measured fifty thousand miles in diameter.

LAVOISIER.—Lavoisier and Fortescue Fitzwilliam were equally famous it is a fortune, and not a fortune, to be able to say that you have made a discovery. It could not be said of Lavoisier's time as army of fifty thousand men. It was one of the fruits of the fertility among which practically began the war of 1812. That war had found the country unprepared for hostilities, and the country was unable to cope with its enemy. He caught so again. Hence this great fortification, which was constructed by President Monroe.

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CHARLES OF WALES.—Your conduct was just what we should have done. The man who appeared to have the right to simply because he was an ignorant boor; and if he had been a gentleman, he would not have put you in the list of from 2,000 to 2,000.

TOPIC.—Then the girl you love refuses to write you, we know of no other way but to use her and find out the reason why. Perhaps she is ill, and you have been the victim of letters in such cases.

ANNA.—Your having only of sixteen is undoubtedly guilty of great impropriety in secretly encouraging the attentions of a young man of whom her parents have expressed their disapprobation.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons suppose that letters addressed to the Editor are opened by persons of leisure in the office to amuse themselves. Letters are never carelessly opened by such hand, and never even by the hand of our Editor.]

H. A. G.—That should a woman do when husband is habitually drunk? Leave him. If he is habitually, he is an unfit husband. It is no wrong to subject yourself to ill-treatment, or to allow your children to be so treated. The person who inflicts the wrong commits a threefold wrong: first, he wrongs himself; secondly, he wrongs his family; thirdly, he injures the community in his wrong-doing; thirdly, he injures the community by his example. Do not submit to habitual wickedness. We are too apt to think that the duties we owe to others are less sacred and less binding than those which we owe to others. We know sexual anxieties between wife and husband; at the thought of injuring another, yet feel no compunctions when they injure themselves. Remember that you owe it to God to be happy. We maintain that a woman owes it to herself to leave a husband who is habitually drunken and abusive to him, and to submit to the contempt of a drunken brute. We would not have a woman, nor any other person, submit to ill-treatment, nor be slow to forgive a repentant sinner, nor lightly dismiss the marriage tie. We merely serve the opinion that we will ought to how much wrongs as those of which you complain, namely, the habitual drunkenness and the blows of a drunkard. We ought not to bear one blow, unless it is followed by the most penny and sincere repentance in that one case. She is not bound to live with the man again. Husband and wife are one flesh even to the other love and co-operation. Each should be patient and considerate, but each should be true to the other and to himself. Neither should submit to the contempt of the world and fast boasting; in words, limited and foolish. But a blow is not in the least, and a habitual drunkard is no longer a man.

DECORATOR.—Precisely when or where coins were first used cannot be determined. Some of the oldest coins of a few hundred years before the Christian era, coins were in use all over the civilized world. Every nation had its own coins, specimens of which have been preserved to the present day. Rome, at the time of Julius Cæsar, had also eight centuries before Christ. The Chinese claim to have had coins of note, but as to dates nothing can have been credited as such, by several centuries, as the oldest coins of China are not older than the Christian era. The Jews had no coins of their own, but used those of the Tyrian coins of which specimens now exist in two hundred and fifty years before the Christian era.

ARTOCTES.—The house in which Sir Isaac Newton was born, was Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, England, a small mansion, and is constantly visited by travellers. It contains the room in which Newton made many of his discoveries. He was a boy, and the room in which he was born is marked by a slab of marble, inserted in the wall.

"ANNIE AND SARAH'S love her let it night."

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TOPIC.—Still in any good English grammar will find numerous of such rules, and directions as to the best ways of expressing ideas. Lindley Murray's is one of the most of the conference of persons famous in history may be found, and the Introductions of Blackstone, Chitty, Story, Bacon, Gibbon, and scores of others, are daily read.

F. H.—The first notice of the artificial production of diamonds that has come to us is to be found, as far as I know, in a letter from the Rev. Dr. John Clayton, of Virginia, to the Royal Society of London, and is published in the Transactions for 1694. It is published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1694, and is entitled "An Account of a Diamond Etc. Letter's Discovery," and the process of coal gas, and the method of preparing it, then became well known.

PROVIDENCE.—It is unknown who was the inventor of the needle, but to the date of its invention certain. A most writer on the subject says that an instrument strongly resembling in the main the needle in use at present, Isaac Pollock. This is confirmed by the well-known historian Ammianus Marcellinus, who lived in the fourth century, who says that Pollock, a native of Thessalonica, was the instrument was brought to its present perfection. In 1545 the boys Gesner, a celebrated Swiss naturalist, at first been equalled elsewhere. Good Germans of the sixteenth manufactures was worth from two hundred to thousand dollars.

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WAGNER ADDER.—You are a foolish, hasty, headed fellow. Just consider the absurdity of your conduct: You visit your sweetheart on a Sunday morning, and are met at the door by that worthy and respectable old gentleman, her father. You enter the parlor and ask him if his daughter is at home. He says, yes, and immediately leaves the room for his purpose, as you suppose, of telling his daughter that you have called to see her. He soon returns, leaving both his daughter so, as you suppose. Very well, sir, you walk an hour and a half, and then you ask for your hat, and politely announce that you will call the time to the next Sunday way. At length, you venture to ask him whether you may call again. He informs you that you may call again. He informs you that his daughter and her mother have just gone to church, and that you'd call again in the afternoon. The same him a reply that was scarcely civil, and rush from the house, determined never to call again. You sit hours sit down and write the young lady a letter of indignant remonstrance, and send back to her letters and all the tokens of affection you had ever received from her. You wait impatiently for the time to arrive when you received your message; that the old gentleman neighbors hawked him from the bottom of the stairs and she not heard it, or had sent some one to tell her you were in the parlor who had called to see her, and that she had left the house, intended at your return. Now, sir, we advise you as indignant reply. Yet the table just received from you, and we think she did not receive word that you had called. What do you do next? Write her a gentlemanly apology for your conduct, and offer to call again. You all injury to insult; you have the innocence to doubt her word; you have been in the wrong, and have you were in the parlor, and actually took to her for an apology. Sir, you are all wrong, and you have been most unmanly to her. Write her a gentlemanly apology for your conduct, and offer to call again.

LAURENCE.—Prince Napoleon is the son of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I. The Prince Napoleon was Frederica, daughter of the King of Wurtemburg. The Prince Napoleon is republican, and was a member of the French National Assembly of 1848.

ANNIE.—Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, and was written A. D. 44; that of Luke to 53, and that of John to 97. Mr. Dickens was a reporter for a short time. For you, Luke's gospel is better written than any of the rest.

COMMERCIAL.—The Merchants' Exchange in Wall street was commenced in 1825, and finished in 1827. It cost $1,500,000, and stands upon the site of the old one which was destroyed by the great fire of December 16th, 1835.

HISTORY.—The title of governor has been applied to the chief executive officer of a province or colony. It is said that the word *gubernationem* was coined by the Cæsars to designate the governors of the provinces of Rome in Italy.

CURIOUS.—Lead. In ass hundred pounds of ass-subscribers ass about three pounds of salt. 3. The depth of the Baltic sea is about one hundred fathoms. 4. The first voyage of the Arctic ocean was found by Dr. Kane to be 1866 miles.

GERMAN.—The whole number of volumes known, including the extinct and the active, in 1877; but there are probably twice as many that have escaped the notice of writers. Bibliography is a comprehensive science of 1825.

M. E.—It is probable enough that some of the scenes in David Copperfield were suggested by the experience of the author. Mr. Dickens was a reporter for a short time for a London newspaper.

MILITARY.—Cadet-shirt were invented by the Dutch Admiral De Witt, in 1666, the by purpose of destroying the music and rigging of the enemy's ships.

*** General letters stand over to be answered in our next.*